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# CERNAN PRIZE ESSAYS.

No. I.

prós saeðealac.

IRISH PROSE.

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN.

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*PUBLISHED FOR THE*

**SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE  
IRISH LANGUAGE.**

DUBLIN :

M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL STREET.

1902.

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**MacTernan Prize Essays, No. 1.**

ΤΡΑΚΤΑΝΝΑ  
AR SON DU AISE MĪC TĪĜE ARNĀIN—I.

## PRÓS ZAEŌEALAC.

Τράκτ 1 ηζαεὼιλζ, maille le n-a αιρτιουζαὸ  
1 mβέαηλα, αζυρ φοκλόηη.

leir an

### ΑΤΔΙΗ ΡΑΤΗΡΑΙΖ ΗΔ ΟΥΙΝΝΙΝ.

ηζοαρ “Cōmāic uí cōnail,” “Cille hÁinne,” 7c.

—o—

Ar na cúη amac

oo

cumann buan-coimeáota na ζαεὼιλζε.

1 mβαηλε-άτα-χιατ :

le

m. h. ζιλλ 7 a m̄ac, 1 sráio uī cōnail.

1902.

# MacTernan Prize Essays==I.

## IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN  
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.



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PRINTED BY  
PATRICK O'BRIEN,  
46 CUFFE STREET, DUBLIN.



## P R E F A C E .



THE following Essay on "Irish Prose" owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the *Æneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of *Æschylus*; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable identity that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to



my thinking is far less important than this: what are the distinct features of Irish literature? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

ΠΑΡΟΡΑΙΣ ΗΑ ΟΥΙΝΝΙΝ.

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πρός ζαεϋελάς.

# ῤῥὸς Ἰαεὸεαλαῶ.

—o—

an ceao a l t.

— — —

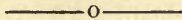
na sean-úir-széalta i ḡcoitḡiann.

Cialluḡeann ῤῥὸρ, nó caint ῤḡurḡa, i ḡcoitḡiann, ḡaḡ aon ῥaḡar ῤḡurḡinne ná fuil i meoḡar. 'Oo mír na bḡiḡ ῥeo áirḡiḡḡeari oibḡeaḡa ῥeancair, ḡeinealaḡ, aḡur úrilaḡra coitḡian na noaoineao i mearḡ oibḡeaḡ ῤῥὸir. Aḡt ḡá bḡiḡ eile leir an bḡocal ná ḡḡḡann an míro ῥin ar ῥao irḡeaḡ. Cialluḡeann ῥé ῤḡurḡinn nó oḡáro ceapḡiḡḡe le ḡliocar litḡḡeaḡḡa ir ná fuil ῥuinte i meoḡar; aḡur 'oo mír na bḡiḡ ῥain, ní áirḡiḡḡeari oibḡeaḡa ḡḡáḡḡar ar na mírḡeannaib, nó ar alḡebra, i mearḡ oibḡeaḡ ῤῥὸir.

Iḡ léir ḡur ῥéirir o'obair ῤῥὸir beir ῥuinte le ḡliocar mói litḡḡeaḡḡa, aḡur ir 'oerḡin ná fuil ó n-a lán oíob aḡt meoḡar cum beir 'n-a laoiḡḡib. Inḡ na halḡaib ῥeo leanaḡ ῥḡáḡḡraimḡ, an éuro ir mó, ar an bḡḡὸr litḡḡeaḡḡa.

Iḡ mó-ḡeacair an obair ῥḡáḡ ar ῤῥὸρ Ἰαεὸεαλαḡ, óir ir mó-ḡeacair ῥeaḡḡ ar an míro aḡá le ῥaḡḡáil oe. ḡá an éuro ir mó 'oo ῤḡurḡinnib Ἰαεὸεαλαḡa ḡan cur i ḡcloḡ ῥór. ḡá ῥiao ῥḡairiḡḡe inḡ na leabaḡlánnaib

# IRISH PROSE.



## CHAPTER I.



### THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

mópa ar fuair na h-Éoirpa, agus tá úimhóir dá bfuil i gcloó díobh i n-íomparleabhair ná bíonn a stairteal ar na daoine i scoitcáinn, a dtáinig ar an dor foglumta. Ní hé sin amháin, a dtá an bhóir litirgearta ceilte, foluigíte in na leabhair láimh-ghníobta féin, i stairio gair deacair iad do foláir, an fáir atá cionnicíre geinealaigh, is a leictíre in na gac don ball. Is fíor, leir, gur é na rcoláiríre gaelealaí a bhíomh-airé do'n bhóir do éiríre-ghairlealaí na cionnicíre gaelealaí atá le rairbáil in na rian-leabhair, nó do tábairt eolar dúinn ar nóirib ar rianair, nó do réiretíre gac cionnicíre-éiríre dáir rianair, nó do tábairt cunnair cinnre ar rian-líre is ar rian-íre-ríre na tíre, is gur íreanaí na húir-ghéarta, na táiríre is gac tíre eile a bí rinte le gliocar litirgearta. Uime sin déiríre an léiríre neam-tuirreanaí, ar léiríre na leabhair rian, gur é an rair litirgearta bí ar fáir agus, agus ag bualaí a láir ar an "Éiricium Scotóirum," o'íre-ríre ré díre: "An é sin an rair litirgearta atá le rair-beálaí i n-gaeil agus? Má'í é, ní rir é o'foglum ná dír ar bí o'ráirbáil úir."

Tá bhóir mar an "Éiricium Scotóirum" in na don rianair 'ran Éoirp, díre naí ceirí bhóir litirgearta do glioraí díre, raíre le raíre le ríre-ríre is ríre-ríre lán do bíre-ríre is o'íre-ríre, is curíre le díre go bíre-ríre, gair, fuairíre-ríre. 'N-a réiríre rian is maríre an cionnicíre ar ar litirgearta go bfuil cunnair



the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The Chronicum Scotorum," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "The Chronicum Scotorum," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

com cinnce ar ar rinnear aib agann ir tá le léigeadó 'ran "Cronicum Scotorum," 'ran "Leabair Gabála," ir i n-a leitéirib. Dearbair leabair dá raḡar go mair na daoine táinig moiminn clirce cum ḡac níó do bain le n-a nóúccar do rḡmúadó. Tugair na leabair reo, leir, a lán feara úinn ar neitib bainear le n-ar litrigeadó, bíó ná litrigeadó iao féin.

Ac ní fágann rain ḡan litrigeadó rinn, agur táio rcoláimíe na heoirpa anoir ag luad ar rean-litrig-eaóta, agur 'ḡá máó ná fuil a leitéio dá haoir le raḡbáil 'ran doiman.

Ir mian linn-ne, 'ran triligíó acá ceapuirḡe úinn, tuairirḡ éigin do tabairt ar an bhíór ḡaeóealac, ac ní féioir úinn é ḡo léir do rḡmúadó, ir dá bhíḡ rin ní'l agann ac foillirugadó éigin do óéanam ar an ḡcuro ir fearr de, ir iairraíó ar an léigíteoir é do léigeadó do féin.

Ir iao cáilíe coitcianna an trean-íróir ḡaeóealair ná neair ir raíóbiraeóac íomáigeadóta, daóamlaóac foillirḡe ir ceairaeóac máíóte. Tríácaio a lán dáir rean-rḡealair ar neair oiraíóeaeóta; mar úéanann an oiraíóeaeóac déite do óaoimib, ir cuirreann maire ir fuinneam ir óige ar rean-oaomib crioia, foirbte, ranna; mar úéanann míóḡ-briug dolmar, fairirirḡ, iol-biaóac, i n-a mbío mná uairle, rreírreaml a ḡ ol ir ag doibnear i reomraíóib aeiraeóta, do boóainín óoira óeairḡ. Ac ir ḡeall le oiraíóeaeóac féin maire ir áilne ná n-úir-rḡeal ro i raíóbiraeóac, i mbriarairib bhíóḡmarra, ir i n-íomáigeadó. Ag léigeadó na n-éacó

exact as that which may be read in "The Chronicum Scotorum," in "The Book of Invasions" and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro dúinn, is é fós cuimhna na hÉireann atá fá n-ari  
 zcoraib. Glaise an féir, cuimhnaict na zcoraob is na  
 otoi, an t-aeir ciúin, cneapoa, rozaimail, an cnocán,  
 an fánao, an bán rocair, mó-ślar, na móinféiri breáštá,  
 blátmara, an éaire méar, binn-ślómaic — cuimio rin  
 uile i n-uimail dúinn zo hfuilmio az riubal ar báncaib  
 mine méioe Cille Dara, nó na Míoe, nó i zcomzamaic  
 oo Baile-Áta-Cliaic, mar a bfeicimio na boib-éonnta  
 oá luazao ríoirmaioe le zaoaib, nó le hair Eaimain  
 Maá, nó timceall Cíuaána Meioe.

Ní zan eolar, leir, atáimio ar na feamaib is ar na  
 mnáib oo buaileann iomann inr na n-úiri-zgéalcaib peo  
 —fir crioá, curata, áro-méanmaá, fearzaca, ullaima  
 cum maiteacáar oo déanaim oo naimair; mná áilne,  
 maifeaimla, foilbhirie, zjieannimara, lán-abairioe. Imearz  
 na curaeáca rain, is léiri dúinn zo hfuilmio ar fós na  
 hÉireann, azur i bfoáair ar noaoimeao tímeaimail  
 féim. Ác ní hionnan an tpeo atá oia inr na rzéal-  
 caib is tá i noiu. Oo hoileao na fir peo le cleairib  
 fiaoaiz azur oo éleácaoair anio is curaoótan bhuizne  
 is coimearzaair. Mairio úimóiri oá raozal fá óion na  
 rzéir. Bíonn riao az cúiráil na zcoillceao, luizio  
 ríoir ar bhuacaib zlara na n-abann. Téio riao az  
 reirz ar leirzib Cláir Luirc, is cluicío an riao is an  
 faolcú, is ní le zaoaiaib ná le ceoltaib tziompairioe, ác  
 le mrie a zcor. Ní zan rziaic is za a bío i zcomnuioe,  
 is bíonn foéiom caáa ríoirmaioe le héirteaáct 'n-a  
 oimceall.

Is tapairó lúctmar iao na mná leir, azur ní az baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air, they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they



fanann ríad. Ní gan ríodairde ir ríól b'heac a bíonn ríad, acé ir mó atá a n-ócar ar lairir a zclon-iorz ná ar éadairib' réarilaca cum ciorúte na b'riadúigíte reo do r'laodá. Atá veirir-eile iorir na daoinib' reo ir ar n-odoinib' féin. Tá an tír i n-a zcoinnuigir neam-ppleacá. Ní aináin ná fuil eagla oirca moim amairib' na n-eac'tmann, acé beirir ar uairib' a zcuir feirze ar veirz-fiuacá t'iearna na mara zo r'leib'tib' ir dainguib' Alban. Do bí, fóir, a n-úrlab'ria féin aca, ir n'ior' z'abac' óóib' beir' ag b'iuotairieacé i m'béarila a naimas.

Acé cuirtear atairiuzáó ionzantac' ar na neitib' reo zo léir le oirac'ídeacé ó'n u'zair. Acáiriuigean' rí na fir ir na mná ro, ir véanan rí laoc'ria ir bain-tigear-nairze, nó véite ir bain-véite óioib'. Ní le h'ioimáig'eaacé focal véantair an t-atairiuzáó r'ain, acé le neair foill-rigíte ionzantairz i n-a zcuirtear zeara ar an doimán ar r'ad cum dul i zcomóirar leo i oiréine ir i léir-mair'e. Tá z'ac' éacé, z'ac' tuirar, z'ac' c'ieacé, z'ac' tóir, acáiriuigíte le cumair oirac'ídeacé an u'zair. Tuzair na zairz'ioiz' cuairt móir-oiméall na zcoillteac' óim' héarcaró, abairó leir na r'iaóairb', ir oúirig'io r'úo ar a b'rial-tig'itib', ir beirir oirca r'ul a iúir i b'rao. Ir áir, oac'-aináil, mairéaináil iad na cuirac' reo; cuirir r'macé ar acáairb', ir r'uarz'laro mairz'oeara bíonn i n-odair-b'iuir. Ir cor'máil le r'ot'iom na r'oirime 'fan nzeim'ieac' óim'ig'iteac' r'uaim a nza ag z'abáil ar a céile. Tá a líuir ca'ca óim' r'iaóair le z'lóir na iuaó-tonn mar



do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry



waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhre. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and identity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," or "The Cattle Spoils of Cooley," or yet "The Wooing of Emir," nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost identical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

17 τόξ linn-ne ζυμ ζιορμα τὰ céile 1 moð foill-  
 ριζτε, αμπίαν Eoζain Ruarò αζυρ ύμν-ιζγάλτα μαρ  
 “Τόζαίλ βμυρόνε τὰ τειζα,” ná α βφυιλ νυαò ι7 άρρα  
 τ’ασν λιτμζεαòτ ειλε ’ραν Eομυρ—ná Shellι αζυρ  
 Beouly, ná Goethe αζυρ an Nibelungenlieo. Δòτ  
 κυμ 1 ζκυμινε ζο βφυιλ φοιλλριυζαò ιονζανταò na ρεαν-  
 υζοαρ ρο leacuiζτε 1 n-ύμν-ιζγάλταιβ ρατα, οεαζ-φυντε,  
 οεαζ-òύμτα, τάιττε 1 βρπóρ μió-ζμεαντα. Δòτ ’ραν  
 τ-οòτμαò ηαοιρ οεαζ, αζυρ τιμòεαλλ na ηαιμρμει ριν, οο  
 β’είζιν οòεαλλ ριλιòεαòτα οο òυμ αρ υζοαρ, ι7 α αιζνεαò  
 οο ζμίορμζαò le οιαν-φειμζ οάνταμαιλ ρυλ α βφυιζφεά  
 an φοιλλριυζαò céαθνα υαιò. β’είζιν α μεαβαιμ οο òυμ  
 αρ λειτ-μειρζε le κυμιαò nó ζμιάò nó έαο nó φορμαò.  
 Νί ζαν ρτοιμμιòβ ριαòαινε ριλιòεαòτα οο λυιζεανη α  
 αιζνεαò αρ μαòτναμ αρ ρίορμ-μιαμει náòύμτα nó οαοηηα.  
 Οο ρζμίοβ an ρεαν-υζοαρ 1 βρπóρ ροαμμ, òμμν, μαομòα,  
 αòτ β’φιλιòεαòτ an ρμóρ ραιν, οιοò ná μαιβ ρέ ρυντε  
 1 μεαοαρ. Οο μαμ ρέ 1 n-αιμρμ ροαμμ, òνεαρτα, αζυρ  
 οο βί βαιò αιζε le βρεάζταòτ. β’έ ρμóρ α ύμλαβμια  
 náòύμτα, αζυρ ι7 ιαò cáιλιòε an ρμóρ ριν ná νεαρτ,  
 ροαμμζεαòτ ι7 λειμ-ιομáιζεαòτ.

Μά’ρ μιαν linn an τ-αιζνεαò ζαεòεαλαò ο’φειρμντ  
 ’n-α ρλιζιò náòύμτα ρέμ, ζαν κυμ ιρτεαò αιμ le ρμαòτ  
 ται ραιμρζε, ní ρυλάμ ούμν an ρεαν-ρμóρ ζαεòεαλαò  
 οο λείζεαò. Οο μαμ na ηυζοαιμ οο βί αζαιηη le  
 οέριòεαναιζε 1 n-αιμρμ βυαιòεαρτα; ní μαιβ ρέ ο’φονη  
 ομτα ρζμίοβαò 1 n-αοη-òομ ζυμ μιλλεαò an τ-αηαμ αα  
 le βρíoη ι7 le βυιλε, ι7 ζυμ λαμ ρεαρμζ α ζομιοòτε, αζυρ 1

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envey. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their







poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read "The Taking of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The wooing of Emir," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

## AN DARA HALT.

## TÓGBÁIL BRUIRÖNE DÁ DERGA.

Leabharann tuar ar "Tógbáil Bruiröne Dá Derga," agus dubharann suir b'ionnann a moö foillirigte agus moö foillirigte na n-amhán do cumadó i nÉirinn tá céad go leit bliadan ó foin. Iy mian linn annro tuairirge éigin do tabairt ar an úir-irgeal gheannra ro atá curta amac le déirdeanaige 'ran *Revue Celtique*, iy airtirigte i mBéarla le Uitlei Stócer. Daineann an t-eactra ro le húir-irgealtairb Con Cúlaimn iy "Táine Dó Cuairgne." Act tá ré deirigte ó'n gcuio eile doir na irgealtairb roo. Atá ré leir féin fá leit, agus ní'l deairman suir áirra an t-úir-irgeal é. Faictar i "Leabhar na hÉiröie" é, leabhar do irgíobad 'ran t-donnadó haoir déas, agus i "Leabhar Dúirö Lecan," agus cuio de annro iy annró i leabhair eile. Act iy deirinn suir cumadó an irgeal i b'rao moir amirir an leabhair iy áirraige díob ro.

Triáctann ré ar millead Conairne Móir mic Eatarirceoir i mBruiröin Dá Derga. Áir-mí na hÉirdeann do b'eadó Conairne le n-a linn, iy ní mairb a leitéro do míg maí moirne i tTeairair, iy do díbir ré coirirgear iy eactraann iy léir-geoir ar an tír ar raó. Act o'érirgeadair a com-daltairö 'n-a coirirb, iy o'airgeadair le h'irgeal, ó Dheairan, millead do déanaí ar túir

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

1 n-Albain, 1r annraim 1 nEiunn. 'Nuair do bíodair ag teacht go talam na hEireann, do bí Conaire ag riuáil le n-a buíoin le hair baile áca Cliaic, agus ag véanam air Óbuíoin Dá Deirga, ní Laižeann. Ainneir an dá buíoin fuaim 1r foctiom a céile, 1r ainneir go meirbail gur b'rim í fuaim a namas. Ba hiongantac é gabáil 1r tógbáil Conaire, 1r ní maib ré acit 1 n-a "gíola óg amulchach" nuair do foctiom a n-a ní 1r oTeamair é, acit do cuirtear geara troma, daingeana air, 1r gear náir b'fuarairte do dul ó tuisceair 1r ó léimilleac. 1r iad go na geara do cuirtear air:

"Ní thuirichir deireal Temiach ocuair tuaithebuil m'bhreig.

"Ní' tairnichter lat clannmíle Ceimair.

"Ocuair ní eithria cach nomas n-aioche reach Theamair.

"Ocuair ní' facit 1r tuisceair mí eighna fuillir teneas imnach iad fuineas ngeime 7 imbi echna dammuis.

"Ocuair ní tairria muir tuisceair do tuisceair tuisceair.

"Ocuair ní' maibairteir tuisceair 1r f'laith.

"Ocuair ní tae sam aenma no enfir 1r tech foir iad fuineas ngeime.

"Ocuair ní a huirair aghna do da mothu."

1r léir go maib an t-áir 'n-a coinnib ó tuisceair, agus an oireas rain geara do léir air, agus ná maib aon dul aige iad do feacnac air fas.

1r geara an rgeil do cuair ré 1 n-aghair na ngeara go go léir, agus ba áir an tuisceair do baimeac air. 1r muir 1r muir an eithria do coinnib ré air na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind



ζεαραιβ ρεο το βί μαρι ἐπιμουίζεατ αιη, ιρ αι  
 ουλ 'n-a n-αζαρό τοό ιρ μιμικ τοο κυρεαό ι n-uμαιλ  
 τοό le νεαριτ ταμζαιρεαότα ζο παιβ μιλλεαό ιρ  
 τυβαιρτ 'n-a όομαιη. Ιρ τριαιζιμέιλεαό έ ρζέαλ αν  
 οεαζ-μίοζ ρο, αζ οέαναμ μαίτεαφα το'η τραοζαλ μόμ-  
 οτιμόεαλλ, αζυρ le λινν ζαό μαίτεαφα αζ βηυρεαό τριέ  
 n-a ζεαραιβ ιρ αν τ-άζ οά έεανζαιλτ le ρλαβηα ιαμμαιηη  
 ná ρεαοφαό a βηυρεαό. Νί'λ ρζέαλ ná εαότρια le ραζβáiλ  
 ι leαβραιβ ná ι mbéal na ρεανόαιθε όομ τοιλβ, όομ  
 τριαιζιμέιλεαό le ρηυηρε ιρ κοιμεαρζαη αν έυμαίό ρεο le  
 n-a άζ οοόμα ρέμ, ιρ έ ρά οέοιζ αζ τυιτιμ ζαν τριαζ  
 ζαν ταηρε οό. Όροεανν ρέ ρέμ ζο ροιλέηη ζο βηυιλ ρέ  
 αζ ουλ αι a αιμλεαρ; ιρ 'n-a οίαιό ρηη ní ραζανν ρέ ανη  
 ρέμ βηυρεαό a ζεαφα οο ρεαόναό. Όί a έοιλ μό-λαζ.  
 ιρ βί αν ιομαο τοο ζεαραιβ μαρι ἐπιμουίζεατ αιη. Όα  
 οόιζ leατ ζυηι έυηρεαοαη na οέίτε Conaηη αι αν  
 ραοζαλ έυμ ceap μαζαίό τοο οέαναμ οε, "quoties voluit  
 fortuna jocari." Νί παιβ a λειτέρο τοο μίζ μαιμ μοιμ  
 ρηη αι ρεαβαρ ιρ αι έοιμέηομαότ :

"Ιρ na ρλαιη αταη na τριί βαηηη ροηι Εηηηο .ι. βαηη  
 οιαρ 7 βαηηη ροοηη 7 βαηηη μερρα. Ιρ ma ρλαιη αη  
 chombino la cach ρεη ζυηη αιαιλε οοηρ βετιρ τέτα  
 menochiote αι ρεβαρ na cána, 7 ηη τριοα 7 ηη χάηη-  
 κομιαη ραιλ ρεχηηηηη na ηεηηηηο."

Αότ ιρ έ τριαζ αν ρζέιλ ζυηι b'έ αν ρεαβαρ céαηηα,  
 αζυρ αν έοιμέηομαότ ηεαμ-ζηάταό τοο μεαλλ έ έυμ  
 ρλιζεαό a οοηαιρ. Όί ρέ τοο ζεαραιβ αιη ζαν ριότόάηη  
 τοο οέαναμ ιοηη βειητ οά ζέιβλεαόαιβ, αότ ηίοηι λέηζ a



these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock "as often as Fate wished to make merry." There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice :

"In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of eorn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other's voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin."

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two "thralls," but his

óannaáct óó zai oul ír níóúteaáct óó óéanaím eaóúíá.

Ní óóíú linn zai féúíí a lán óó'n íúéál íó óó  
 íáíúúáó í lonnúáct íóíllíúúúé, ír í íaróúíúéáct íócal,  
 áúí ír óeallíúáíááct zai máí íó óó íúúíóúúíáó éóúan  
 Ruáó óá máííúéáó íé í n-áíúíí an uúúóáí. Óúíííúíú  
 ííóí anííó beázán ó'ííóí-óúóáá an íúéíl —

“Óúí íú áíúíá áíúéúá íóí éíúúú, éóháíó íéúóleáí  
 á áíúú. Óóúúúó íéááúíú n-áúú óáí áenáá íúíúéú  
 léíú, conááá íú íúúáí íóí úí íú tobáíí 7 óíí óúíí-  
 íéíl áíúíú óó n-éóíí óé óí ááúé óé íóúéúó á-  
 lúúú áíúíú 7 óéíúíí héóíí óíí íúííí 7 zléóíúéúáí beccáí óí  
 óháíúúúúúúúú óhóíúáí hí íóíúéáíúúú ná lúúúí. Óúáá  
 óáí óóíúá íóúóíááí áíúé. Óúáúúáí áíúúúóí  
 éóóíííúé [míleá] óé óí óíúúúú íúíí óúááú. Léúé  
 léúíí óhúíúááá ír í óhóúúíúéúú óéí íúíúíú uáíúóé  
 íó óéíúíú lúúó óíí íúíí. Túáúúúá íúúáúáí óí óí 7  
 áíúéú íóí á óúíúúúú 7 á íóíúúúáí 7 á zúáúúú íúúú  
 léúé óí óáá léíú. Táíúéú íúúá íú zúúáú óóúá  
 íóúéíú óóúá íéíáíú táíúleáá íúó óíí íúííú íúúéíú  
 áíúú úíúíú uáíúú. Óá úíúíú n-óíúúóí íóí á óíú,  
 íúé óéíú óíí nóúáú óéááúáí nóé 7 méúú íóí íúúú  
 óáá óúáí. Óá óóíúáí léú óáá íúó íóíú íúí íúí óáíí  
 n-áíéíúáí hí íáíúáá, nó íúí óéíúúóí íáí nóénaím á  
 óááá.

Ír áúú óúí óé táíúóíúú á íúíúú óíá íóúéú . . .  
 Óáúáí zúúúíí íúéááá n-óénaíúé ná óí óóíú 7 óáúáí  
 máéúóóíí 7 óáúáí óéíúúíú íúáí íúéúé ná óá zúúáú  
 ngláú áíúú. Óáúáí óúíúóíúí óíúúúúé óáéíl ná óá  
 máááíá. Óáúáí íúáú 7 íúáíú óó nemanááí á óéúá  
 í ná óéú. Óáúáí zúáíúíúí úúúá ná óí íúúú.  
 Óáúáí óéíúúíú íáíúáíúú ná beóíl. Óáúáí íóíáíúá  
 íúé máéúúéúá ná óá zúáúáíú. Óáúáí zéúúúá  
 íúúíúóá ná méíá. Óáúáí íúóá ná láúá . . . .

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“There she was undoing her hair to wash it . . . . White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands . . . . The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Solurruioiuo iuu erce ina raeriazaro urthochail uailli ina minmalzib ruithen, ruirzhe ceachtari a va ruz porc. Tibru ainuira ceachtari a va zruas co n-amlio iuo tibren vo ballaib bith chorera co noeirzi fola laiz 7 arail eile co polur zil rneacita. Vocmaerwachto banamail ina zlori cem poruo n-inmalla acci, tochim ruizari le. Va ri tria ar caemaem azur ar ailveam azur ar coriam atconnaricavari ruili voine ve muib domain. Va voiz leo bev a ruoib oi. Va ruia arbriethi "cputh cach co hetam." "Caem cach co hetam."

Ni'l rlize azann anro triact ar breaghtact na bhuirne; ar a curu reomia aeraca doibne, ar cuallaact uafal, meanmac Conaire, ar a leiri-maire ir ar a rpreirnamlaact, ar a caoine ir ar a moiroact, ar na ceasraib vo tuir le n-a lam i zcumangriaact conirzari, ar na curiaob vo zoin ir vo mill re va coraint fein zan bruz, ar a az doema fein, ar triaz a leiri-tarta, mari eizeann ir aicceann re veoc ir zan doinne 'ran buirion cum a iota vo mucea, mari vo raorfao don veoc ainan e ar lan-tuile a tubairte, ir zan an veoc rain le fazbail, na for ar barzao ir millea, ir toza, ir leiri-burfao na hoioce rin. Va oioz leat zuri b'i an tria vo toza, ir vo leza, arir le rluazraib na neactrann:

"Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando  
 Explicet, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?"



wooning in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" \*

\* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

## AN TREASALT.

## UIR-SÉALTA BAINÉAS LE COIN CÚLAINN.

Iṛ maṛ a céile Cú Cúlainn inṛ na sean-ṛgéaltaib Ṣaeóealaça iṛ Aicil i mbeairt áimṛe o'eaçtṛiaróib Ṣpéigeaça. Maireann Cú Cúlainn i n-a lán do sean-ṛgéaltaib Ṣaeóealaça 'n-a cúmaó oimṛearc, iṛ 'n-a laoc çat-buaóac; aṣur i n-a lán eile oíob iṛ é pṛioim-míleaó na n-éaçt aṛ a oṛmáçtaṛi é. 'N-a çaoṁ ṛain ní oia ná deamán Cú Cúlainn açt duinne daonna, bíoó ṣo oṛaṣann aṛaṛmuṣaó ionṣantaç aṛi ó uairi ṣo huairi le neairt éaçtaç éigṛin oṛmaoídeaçta. Iṛ ṛiaóain, ṛeariṣaç, ṛíoçmaṛi i ṣcaçtaib 'ṛ i ṣcomlann é, açt ní ṣan taṛṛe, ṣan ṛmuairiṁéil a çmoíde. Iṛ é cúmaó Cúigṛo Ulaó é, aṣur ṣlóiri Eamáin Maça, iṛ cú coranta Cúlainn. Ní çuimṛo laocṛia ná çuimṛnuṣaó daoineaó eaṣla ná uamáin aṛi, aṣur iṛ ṛiom é béim a çuimṛ aṛim iṛ ṛuimáin a lámie i lári comearṣairi.

Cioó nári ba deamán é ṛéim, léigṁíto —

“Ṣurṛa ṣairṛetaṛi imme bocçánaiz ocaṛ bananaiz ocaṛ ṣenitṛi ṣlinṛo ocaṛ demna a eóiri. Oaiz oṛa beṛitṛi Ṣuaça Oé Oananna ṛṣairiimṛo immiriim combaṛ móti a ṣṛiáin ocaṛ a ecla ocaṛ a uṛmuao ocaṛ a uṛmuamain incaç cath ocaṛ in caç cathṛioi in caç comlunṛo ocaṛ in caç comṛuc i ṛeigṛo.”

Ní aonṛuigṁíto i n-aon-çoi leir na huṣoaraib a oéairṛaó naç daonna an cúmaó ṛo. Ní'l i ṣCoin Cúlainn, a deimṛo, 'nuairi a bionn ṛeariṣ iṛ çmaoṛ aṛi, iṛ 'nuairi a



## CHAPTER III.

## ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

cuirpeann riu a féadaint na laochra cum báir, aót an  
 ghuar bheáig, lonnhaic, lafaímail, ag cur a teap i gcéin,  
 agur 'nuair a tagann an t-aíarhuigáó éadtaó air le  
 neair a “mairtair” níl ann aót an ghuar éadtaó fá  
 óub-rgamallaió, ir fá úi-óoiócuigáó ceoió. Ir labhairt  
 na huigóair reo air bheacaó an lae trié néaltaib na  
 rpreie, mar corímaláót vo Cion Cúlaimn. Aót ir ooió  
 linn-ne ná fuil don gabaó vo fámluigéaót na gpiéne  
 ná vo óub-rgamallaió neime agairn cum éadta Cion  
 Cúlaimn, mar a bpoillrióíteair oúinn iao 'rha húir-  
 rgéaltaib, vo cúigriort. Níl i n-eaótia Cion Cúlaimn  
 aót rgéal mói-cuairó vo corímaí a cúigéaó ó amairib  
 na bfeair nEirpeannaó ór na ceitpe cúigrióib eile, ir go  
 maib a éadta óá n-aíteir ag báiróib uile na típe. Ní  
 ceairt ghuar ná ceo ná rgamail vo tábairt irteaó gan  
 fáót, agur níl i n-úir-rgéaltaib a baiear le n-air  
 gcuiráó fáót ná áóbar fámluigéaóta óá fágar. Ní  
 heaó ná gur muneáó gniómaíra leir ná tig le oime  
 oanna vo óéanaí gan cabair ó óéitib, nó ó óeaimaib,  
 aót ní óéanann fáin ghuar ná oia óe. Ói Aicil oanna  
 go leoi—air táob a aóair air don tirligíó—aót cuirpeann  
 Pallar lonnhaó glómaí 'n-a tímceall, i oirpeo go  
 gcuiró rluairte le heagla óá amair, agur neair-  
 uigéann rí a gúót, i oirpeo go otagann airáó air buióin  
 na Triae, ir go oirteann a gcuiró airn ar a lámaib le  
 fuaim a liúie.

Ir fáoi éadtaó macgniómaíra Cion Cúlaimn, aót ní  
 óéanann fáin oia ná ghuar ná taróbre óe. Ní maib ann  
 aót leanbán 'nuair cuir ré iongnaó air iománaíóitib óga

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúirte an níos. Do tuis céas go leit oíob iarrmáct ar é vo máibad, áct níor b'féidir leo fú é vo zozituzad. Zluairéann ré 'n-a noiaró, agus tuiteann caozas oíob le n-a láim, agus rtríocair an cúro eile óó. Ní maib ré an triát raim áct cúis bliadóna o'aoir. Do junne ré éácta níor ionzantaisge ó bliadain go bliadain, agus vo iut a cáil ar fuair na oúitche ar fad. Tá cunnar ar an zcupiáó ro i n-a lán o'úir-rzéaltair, áct ir iao ro na rzéalta a bainear leir, ar ir feáir a bfuil aítne. "Tózáil bhuiróne Oá Oerza," "Táin bó Cuairgne," "Caé Ruir na Ríz," "Seirzlige Conculaino," "Fleo bhuiréno," "Toómaire Emir." Ní'l aon rzéal oíob ro com bueáz, com briosmair le "Táin bó Cuairgne." Úir-rzéal cupairéac ir eao an "Táin" go bfuil oótain aon litmuzéacta nó teanzan 'ran voiman ann, úir-rzéal lán o'eaórtairóib aoirinne, agus o'eaórtair i n-a bfoillrizítear cupoáct ir meanma móir-cupiaó. Cioó zur rzéal pázánaó é, ní'l mí-éneartáct ná mí-náóúir ar éáct ná ar znoim ve. Aniró ir anirúo táir rtaírta foillrizíte le rāzbaíl ann com hálainn, com lonnriac ir zgeobfairóe i litmuzéact na Roimá. Tá an éaint boirb, rairóbir, ir na bmaóair briosmair, léir-móir, ir ní fuláir vo'n léizíteoir raim vo óur i n-éáctair ir i nznóimairáir an rzéil ro, agus go móir-móir i zcupoáct ir i meanmain, ir i móir-óiróeáct Con Cúlainn.

Tá Cúizeao Ulaó az fuirre i zcoimnib na zcúizeao eile, agus ir é Cú Cúlainn fál coranta Cúizíó Ulaó; ir é zleacaróe a oáoineao i n-uóct an baózáil; ir

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricru," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he



é a lonnhaó folair i n-*noiriúca*óct r*léi*bhe, i*r* a *z*comairce  
 óin, i*r* a *z*crann bagair i n-*a*gair a naimaó. I*r* *z*eall  
 le haontu*z*áó muinntire na h*e*oirpa uile i *z*coinnib  
 napóleon aontu*z*áó na *z*ceitire *z*cúigeaó i n-*a*gair  
 Con Cúlaimn, aó*t* *z*ur m*ó* oib*z*u*z*geann an Cú *z*muio*e*  
 rin le neair a óolna féin ná ma*r*i ceann uirriáó a*r*  
 r*l*uair*z*tib. Cuirceann com*r*iac aon*r*i á*t*ar a*r*i a ómuio*e*.  
 Sáru*z*geann mói-ómuiaó 'ran l*ó* é; aó*t* an fáio a b*í*onn  
 ré a*z* pléio leir an *z*cuiaó r*an*, tá neair a*z* r*l*uair*z* na  
 b*r*eari n*e*irceannaó *z*luairceáó muoipa óm fáo a*z*ur  
 i*r* féioir leo. Aó*t* ní r*l*án ná r*ol*áin laoó ná cuiaó  
 'n-a óiaó. I*r* r*í*oir *z*o veimín ná cuirceann ré f*e*air*z*ur  
 óum báir, aó*t* ní'l r*on*n a*r*i f*e*air*z*ur buan-ómuiaó o  
 óu a*r*i. I*r* iomóa caó i*r* coim*e*air*z*air a*r*i a o*r*uáó*t*ann an  
 "Táin," aó*t* ní'l éaó*t* 'ran r*z*éal i*r* r*e*áir*i* ómuiear i  
 n-uiaíl oúinn nóra ceairta a*r*i n-a*r*ieac, a noeá*z*-  
 óeára, i*r* a noaonnaó*t* 'ná com*r*iac aon*r*i Con Cúlaimn  
 i*r* f*e*ioiaio a*z* an á*t*.

Com-óaltaio*e* o*e* b'*e*aó na cuiaio*e* r*e*o o*e* hoileáó  
 le S*z*áta*z* i*r* aoi*r*e, aó*t* *z*o maib an Cú i b*r*ao  
 níoir ói*z*e ná f*e*ioiaio, a*z*ur aoi*r*, oioó *z*o b*r*uil  
 cuio*e* na beirte a*r*i léir-laraó le lán-f*e*ir*z* i n-*a*gair  
 an óim*e*air*z*air, ní óeáóio báio a *z*com-óaltaóair  
 i b*r*uarie aca, a*z*ur i*r* *z*eall le b*r*áit*z*ib *z*muóáó  
 iao a*z* teá*z*máil le n-a óeile a*r*i maioin lae an  
 ómuiaio, i*r* a*z* r*z*airiaó le óeile i *z*coimair na hoio*e*,  
*z*o b*r*ú*z*te, leointe, ta*r*i éir f*u*ir*e* i*r* a*r*uio*z* an óim*e*air-  
*z*air. Ní oó*z* *z*ur r*z*uio*e*áó r*t*áir ná úir-r*z*éal muim

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The "Cattle Spoil" describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

ι n-a n-ιomέμαιο μόρι-έμαιοδε ιαο φέιν λειρ an οιεαο  
 cνεαρταάτα ιρ μόρι-έμοιόεαάτα. Ιρ οειμίν ná φυιλ ι  
 λιτρύεαάτ ná Ρόαιμ ná na Ξριέζε κυιαό cóm huapal,  
 cóm meanmac, cóm οεαξ-αιγεαιταά le Coin Culainn.  
 Ήυαιη a έεαζμυιζιο le céile αι βρυαά an áτα,  
 κυιεανν φεριοαο φάλτε φιοι-έαοιη μοιμ an Cóin.  
 “Μο éen οο έυέctu, a Cuculaino,” αι φέ, αζυρ ται έίρ  
 μόρι-έοδα αζαλλαιμ, λυιζιο αι έομνιας, αζυρ um έριάτ-  
 νόνα, ται έίρ τυιηρε ιρ ανφαιό an έομνιας, “Scurem οε  
 φοδαιη βαοεpta a Cuculaino,” αι φεριοαο. Οο ρζυρ-  
 αοαι ό έέιλε, αζυρ αζ ρο μαρι έριάάτann an “Τάιη” αι  
 έαοιη ιρ αι ένεαρταάτ a μμυιηητεαρτόαιρ :—

“Οηαέηρορετ a n-αιημ uathu ιλλάμαιβ a n-αιαο.  
 Τάιηc cáé οίβ ο΄ιηοραιζιο αιαιλε αρρ αιηηλε οαφ  
 μαβερε cáé οίβ λάμ οαι βριάζιτ αιαιλε, οαφ ηα έαιηβηρ  
 τεόρα ρόο. Ra βάταη a n-ειά in oen ρcυρ in n-αιόci  
 ριη, οαφ a n-αιαο ιc oen tenio; οαφ bo ζηίρεταη a  
 n-αιαο κορραιη λεpta úηιλυαάηα οοιβ, ζο ρυιηθαοαηταιβ  
 φερ ηζοηα ρυιη. Tancatari φιαλλάc ιcci οαφ λεζιρ  
 οα n-icc οαφ οα λειζερ, οαφ ροcheηροεταη lυbι οαφ  
 λορρα ιcci οαφ ρλάνηηη ηα cηεοαιβ οαφ cηιέάταιβ, ηά  
 n-άλταιβ οαφ ηά n-ιλζοηαιβ. Cáé λυιβ οαφ cac λορα  
 ιcci οαφ ρλάνηηη ηα βειηηεα ηα cηεοαιβ οαφ cηιέάταιβ  
 αλταιβ αζυρ ιλζοηαιβ Conculaino, ηα ιοηαιάεα com-  
 ηαιηο υαο οίβ οαι άτ ριαη ο΄φηηηοιαο, na ηαββηαιτιρ  
 ρηρ ηέηηηο οα τυιτεο φεριοαο λερριυμ, ba ηιημαηι-  
 ηαο λεζιρ οα βειαιο φαιη.”

Αη οαηα λά αζυρ an τηεαρ λά οο΄η έοιηηεαρζεαρ ιοη-  
 έμαιο na κυραιόε ιαο φέιν αι an ζcυμαό ζcέασηα, áct  
 ζυρ έυαιη Cú Culainn μιλλεαό a ηαιηαο an ceάηηαιηαό  
 λά οο΄η έοιηηεαρζαι, αζυρ οά βηίξ ριη ζυρ ρζαηαοαη

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Grece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship:—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-







fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his "distortion," so that

"He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad." "And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts."

On that day, in accordance with the Hound's foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

"Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards."

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzas of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the "Cattle Spoil" there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn's mildness of disposition, as well as his

fóir, i rḡéal eile dá nḡairimtear “Tócmairic Einn,”  
 agus fásam tuairimḡ a easnaḡta i “Seirḡlḡ Con-  
 culainn.” Do tuit an curad fá ḡeoirḡ i ḡCat Mairḡe  
 Mairimne.

Ciḡḡ ḡur mḡr an mear adá ar Concubair, ar fḡairḡur,  
 ir ar fḡeoirad, ir ar a lán laḡḡ eile ar a ḡḡriáḡtaio na  
 húr-rḡéalta ro, ní curḡta i ḡcomḡrtar doinne ḡiḡḡ le  
 Coin Cúlainn. Ní’l curad dá ḡriéine ir dá imeanmain i  
 ḡtarḡtaib ná i n-úr-rḡéaltaib na hÉirneann. Tairbeánann  
 ré ’n-a ḡníomairḡtaib ir ’n-a éaḡtaib féin curḡadḡ ir  
 meanma, cneairḡadḡ ir caoimeadḡ ar rimirer rḡl ar  
 larad rḡlar na Cḡriḡḡḡirḡeáḡta ’ḡran tír.

—————:o:—————

AN CEATRANNAD O HALT.

—————  
 NA SGEALTA FIONNUIḡEÁḡTA.

Ir ḡeall le mar a céile Cú Cúlainn inḡ na rḡeair-  
 rḡéaltaib ḡaeḡealaḡa agus fionn Mac Cumail i mḡr-  
 bolḡ do rḡéaltaib níḡr ḡéirḡeanaḡḡe. Mḡr-curad do  
 b’ead fionn, as a maib rḡor ionḡanḡadḡ, agus dá rḡéil-  
 leodar complaḡt mear, lútmair, acfuirneadḡ, ar a  
 nḡairimḡḡe an fḡairn, nó fḡairna Éirneann. Mac ḡ’fionn do

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called "The Wooing of Emir," and we get an account of his wisdom in the "Sick Bed of Cuchulainn." The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.\*

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## CHAPTER. IV.

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### THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fionn Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fionn was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisín was the son of Fionn, and the primal

\* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," Vol. III. Appendix.

b'eað Oirín, ppióm-íle na hÉireann, agus mac do-rain  
 ariú do b'eað Orzari, náí b'féiriú do íámuzað i oiriéine  
 iú i zcimoáct. Bíonn Diaimair Ua Duibne iú Caoilte  
 Mac Rónáin zo coitciann 'n-a b'foáiri ríú. B'eaðtað  
 an raogal do cáiteasari Fianna Éireann az bhuigean,  
 az iú, az fealz, az cluiceað na zcariífað iú na b'fool-  
 éon. Ní maib coil, ná gleann, ná rliab i n-Éirinn i  
 otaob amuig do Cúgeað Ulað náí tuzasari cuairt ann.  
 Ba minic zo cor-éasotiom ias az iú ari méir-bántaib  
 Cille Dara, iú níoi b'annam a iunneasari móiri-fealz ari  
 zoiim-bhuacáib Loça Léin.

Cioð ná maib tmuat do b'féile ná Fionn féin—

“Dá mað ói in tuille donn,  
 Cuirior oi in cail,  
 Dá mað aigset in zealtonn,  
 Ro éirleiceo Fionn”—

ní maib íé zan feairz iú éas iú oioð-aigneað. Iú minic  
 a bíonn na Fianna i n-aias leir i otaob a oioð-aigneó  
 i zcoinnib Diaimara. Fiu Orzari féin, ní maiteann íé  
 focal do éeann na b'Fiann.

Amail a duibmarari az triáct ari Coim Cúlaimn, b'eaðtað  
 ias mac-zníomairca Finn, agus iú beaz áit i n-Éirinn ná  
 fuil ian éirín i noiaró a láime. Iú iomóa rliab, ari a  
 ngoirteari “Suíe Finn,” agus iú iomóa ároán 'n-a b'fuil  
 zalán móiri cloice agus ian a méari ari; agus íóí,  
 ní'l baile i n-Éirinn ná fuil a ainm agus ainm a com-  
 plaéta zo beact, cinnte i mbéal na noaoineað ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisín had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—

“Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from  
it gold,

Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have  
given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Finn,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately



βίοσ νάρι αιμιζεαδ μιαιν 'n-a meapz αιnm θυμαν na  
 θομυιμε ná δοδα υί ηέλλ.

θίοσ γζéalτα αι φιονν ιγ αι φιανναιβ έιμεανν τά  
 n-αιτμγ mγ na τιζτίβ τυατα αι φυαισ na ουιττε tamall  
 ó ροιν, αγυρ ní πορ τοίβ φόρ. Ιοιγ na γζéalταιβ φιονν-  
 υιζεαττα αι ιγ φεάγγι a βφυιλ αιτνε, άιμνιζτεαι ιασ πο,  
 “Οιθεαδ Connlaoid,” “Caτ φιονν Τπάζα,” “Eαττμα  
 lomnoctáin an τSléibe Rife,” “Cuipe Máoil υί Mán-  
 anám zo οτί φιanna έιμεανν,” “Τόμυιζεαττ an ζιolla  
 Θεακαι αιγυρ a Capaill,” “θμυιζεαν έειpe έομαινν,”  
 “Τόμυιζεαττ Όιαρμασa αγυρ ζιμίαννε,” “Αγαλλαιν na  
 Seanóμαδ,” γc.

Ιγ φίοι zo βφυιλ ουιτφγι mόρι ιοιγ γζéalταιβ μαρι ιασ  
 πο αγυρ na hύγι-γζéalταιβ θαιμεaf le Com Cúlaiνν. Ιγ  
 αοιθνε an έαινε, ιγ θμεάζτα an μοδ φοιλλριζτε, ιγ lonn-  
 παιζε an θαταμalaττ, αγυρ ιγ uαιpλε, οίppe ιασ na  
 κυμαρθε ι n-ύγι-γζéalταιβ έον Cúlaiνν. Τά na γζéalτα  
 φιοννυιζεαττα—νό κυο mαιτ όίοθ—lán το θυαδ-φoc-  
 λαιβ, κυpτα ι νοιαρ a έείλε le haζαιρ a βφυαιμε, ιγ  
 ζαν pυim ι n-a mbpίζ, αγυρ το έυαιρ a ζκυο cαινε ι  
 n-olcaγ ι μιτ na mbiaδan, ι οτμeo zo βφυιζφeά ουιτ  
 βφocal ι νοιαρ a έείλε ο'αon θpίζ αιμάιν ι ζκυο aca.

Ιγ τοίζ ζυγι b'αιmlarό το τόζαδ ζαρμαδ ο'φeαμαιβ cμoδa,  
 αι αι ζλασoδa φιanna έιμεανν, έum άιπο-πιζ na hέιμεανν  
 το έοpμαιν, ποim αιμγγι ηαοim πάσμαγ. θί ταιpτεal  
 an ζαρμαρ pιν αι φυαισ na hέιμεανν αι pασ aττ αιμάιν  
 ι ζCύιζεαδ υλαδ. Ιγ ionζanταδ μαρι το έόζ na γζéal-  
 υιττε Cμίοpτμiθε pμαγ eαττμαρθε na θφιann, ιγ μαρι

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Shabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do tugaodai iarraict ar iao d'adoncuḡad le reančar na  
 heaglaire. Páḡánaiḡ do b'ead na fianna, aict níoi  
 b'adon oíḡbáil a n-éadta ir a nḡiomaricta d'airiur do  
 luict an fíri-čreioim, aḡur d'á b'riḡ rin ceapann an  
 rḡéaluirde ḡaeoēalac ḡur fan Oirín ir Caoilte 'n-a  
 mbeadairō i b'ad tairi éir Cača Čomairi aḡur Cača  
 ḡabha aḡur Cača Ollairba aḡur millte ir barḡta na  
 b'fiann i ḡcoitčian. D'fan 'n-a b'ročairi ad'bari beaḡ  
 do'n ḡnáič-f'fiann. Do rḡair Oirín ir Caoilte le čéile,  
 aḡur i ḡcúirra a riublóirde do buail Caoilte um Naom  
 Páoiraiḡ. D'eadtač an coinne do bi eatoricta. D'i  
 ionḡnad ar Páoiraiḡ ir ar a m'uinntiri ar feiciric méro  
 ir tréime ir calmačta na ḡcuriač úo. D'é an rean-  
 řaoḡal aḡur an řaoḡal nuad i noáil a čéile, aḡur b'i  
 an d'áil čnearta, čaoim, čeanarač i. D'i řonn ar Páoiruiḡ  
 eadta na b'fiann do čloiric, aict tairi éir tamail t'á  
 aimir aige ḡur dočairi d'á diao'adč é, aḡur čáirig d'á  
 aingil řóiri-čomēadta Páoiraiḡ čum an aimir řain do  
 bain de, aḡur du'bari leir rḡeala na ḡcuriač do čur  
 řioř "i t'ámlorḡaič řileo, ocur i m'biraič ollairian,  
 óiri buo ḡairioiḡad do oirōḡaič ocur do deḡ d'airi  
 deimio aimirie eir'oecht řuirna řélaib rin."

Tairi éir an uirabha řain riublair Páoiraiḡ aḡur  
 Caoilte timčeall na h'čreieann, aḡur ní'l rič ná cnoc  
 ná tulac nač móiri ná řuil eadtra airi ó b'eal Čaoilte.  
 Tairi éir a d'curair t'čiořo ḡo Teairairi mar a b'řuil Oirín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisín and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisín and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in "the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime."

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

iompa, is maí a bhfuil Fleadó Teampaí ac ar riuéal, agus  
 aítuirt Caoilte is Oirín o'fearaib Éireann gníomhaí-  
 na bhFiann, agus beirt riu Éireann leo na rgealta rian,  
 iar rgaríad oóib, go cúig áiríob na hÉireann. Ó foin  
 amac níorí teip rgeal Fionnuigeada ar rgealuirde maí,  
 is ní maib baile i nÉirinn ná ar aítuirt ac ann ar mhuir  
 na curuirde ar an lártaí riu. Is oóig linn féin gur b'é  
 beannaíct Pádraig ar rgealtaib Caoilte is Oirín do  
 tuis an oiríad rian rógaríad oiríad ar fuair na tíre;  
 ar riu amac níorí gabaíct oir na Cuiríuríob eagla beir  
 oiríad i oiríob na rgeal riu na bhPádraic o'aituirt.

'San úir-rgeal ar a ngairíntear "Agallam na rean-  
 óraíct," ar ar tuisamair cúnntar tuar, is iomóda rgeal  
 gurínn, is iomóda foillíuríad aoirínn, is iomóda rean-  
 cúinne ar éadaib na bhFiann, agus ar nóraib na  
 rean-airíuríe atá le ríabáil; agus is briaíct, mílir,  
 aoirínn an cáirt atá ann ríur. Ba oóig leat go maib  
 meabair is cúinne ag gac gleann pléibe, is teangá ag  
 gac ríurínn, agus ríur eolair i guríurde-láir gac rean-  
 íuríuríct, is go guríur ríad a guríur reanóair i n-uímaí  
 do Caoilte, is go n-airíuríct eiríann go teangáir  
 oanna é, i oiríob go oiríuríct Pádraig é.

Tá rgeal Fionnuigeada eile ar a bhfuil léir-airíne  
 ag a lán; riu é "Tóiríuríct Oiríuríad agus Guríuríne,"  
 i n-a bhfoillíuríct eiríur oíurínn éad, is fearíct, is curíur-  
 íuríuríct ríurínn. Cíur guríur íuríuríad ríurínn, ní maib  
 Guríuríne ríuríad le é beir aic maí céile, agus do oóig  
 rí Oiríuríad na Oiríuríne i n-a ionad. Tarí eir a lán do  
 guríuríuríuríct, tá Oiríuríad ag ríabáil báir ar oiríurínn



Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisín is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisín recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisín that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Deanna Sulbain, agus o'féarfaó Fionn é do r'aoimáó ó'n mbár dá mb'áil leir deoc uirge do tabairt éuige. Tá Orzari ag a'cáiric air an deoc do tabairt uairó, a'c ní'l maítear 'n-a glóir. Fá óeimead tógann ré uirge roim a óá láim, a'c tuiteann an t-uirge o'áon-am uairó. Déanann ré an cleaí c'éatna a'irí, agus an t'iear uair ar tea'c fá óéin an o'airi o'ó, "r'zari an t-anam me colainn Óiarimada."

Tari éir báir Óiarimada, meallann Fionn Tríáinne, ir fanann rí aige go bár.

—————:o:—————

an cúige ad halt.

—————

TRI TRUAIGE NA SGEALUIGEACTA.

Tá an veiriúdeact ro roim an litrigeact r'póir a'á againn ór na ciantaib ir an litrigeact do cumad tim-éall a'iríe do'á Uí Néill, suri minic a bíonn r'póir a'iríe Uí Néill tubac, bíónac, doilb, agus úimóir do r'póir na sean-u'zari lán o'á'ar ir o'áitear. Do cumad an r'póir rain i n-a'iríe na laoc ar ná maib eagla ná uaimain, ir do cúir mómpa éacta iongantaca ir gníom'ar'ca laocair do óéanam, agus do munn na gníom'ar'ca rain le meirneac ir le meanmain. Suirio áir-mig'ce cum feirtir ir féar'ca ir bainnir i hallaírib maireamla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, "the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body."

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

————— :o: —————

## CHAPTER V.

### THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíto na báirto ag cantain le rgléip is le ríi-binnear, agur líontar cioróe na n-uairle, iorí fear is bean, le hátar le neart mílreácta a gceoil. Gluairto gairgíóis dáraáa ar ríubal fá gearaib cum rmaáct do cum ar átaá mío-náiraeá éigin, nó cum bean uaral do míóreáá ó óaoi-bhuio. Tá réan is ronar ar an oíir ar fáo. Tá fuaim átair riu i otrearairb coimeargar is i gcozaó na lann inr na laeáib reo.

Áct anoir is aríir, i mbeááto na n-gairgíóeáá ro, bíonn éááta tpuairgíméileáá 'nuair cúiraeann oíó-máirae ar fearis is ríóámairaeáá míóis donar is tubairt ar cúmaóáib; is ní gan úir-rgeáltaib tpuairgíméileáá atá an aimreair reo—rgeálta tpuairgíóeááta fuinte go oeairreáa, agur rlaáctuirgíte go líomáa. Táto na rgeálta ro agairn i nuao-eagar, áct ní féioir gan rian na rean-airirre do míócuzaó inr na nóraib, na rmuairtib, is na oúirib cioróe is riu inr na foelaib féin, go móimóir inr na laoiróáib beaga atá anoir is anuiró rgarirgíte ríio gáá úir-rgeál. Triaááto tar airirir i ná raib eolar ar laoiróáib lairne, ná ar ceol na heaglaire, agur i n-a raib oéite dá noéanair do laoááib oíreairreáa. Táto na húir-rgeálta ro, airáá, lán do áaire is do tpuairgíméil, is do fáir-áneairtaáct, i otreo ná fuil a ráruzaó le raáááil i meairis lirirgeááta na heoirre do'n airirir áeááa. Is iao ro na rgeálta tpuairgíe ar is reááir atá áirne, “Oíreáá Cloinne Líir,” “Oíreáá Cloinne Uiririg,” is “Oíreáá Cloinne Turiraeann.”

Dála “Oíro Cloinne Líir,” ní oóis linn go

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos, —tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has



mbuaróeasó muam ari ar tmuaisiméil náóúirta ir ar íom-  
 áigeact neam-cuibearais. B'í ceatmar leant mó-mair-  
 eamail ag Liri—triúir mac agus ingean, agus ir í an  
 ingean labhar do'n cúro eile i me an rgeil. Ir geárru  
 go bfuair mátau na leant ro báir, agus gur póir Liri a  
 veairbriúir doife. Fuatann doife Clann Liri le fuat  
 leat-mátar, agus tagann toct buile agus éada 'n-a  
 oioó-cioide 'nuair briaatann rí go otuzann a fear fearic  
 a cléib doib, agus ná cuimeann ré rpeir ná ruim innte  
 féin. B'í fonn uirte ias do cúir cum báir, act níoir  
 b'féoiru doinne o'fagbáil cum an gníom rin do óéanaim.  
 Le neair a éada do geárruafó rí rnaít a raozáil le n-a  
 láim féin, act go moctuzean rí laige a tola ir taire  
 mnámáil. Ar an gcuma ro ir corimáil le mnaoi míic  
 veit í, gabar a leat-rgeal féin náir buail rí buile  
 millte ar Óuncan mar geall ar an gcorimáileact do  
 bí aige le n-a haatari 'n-a cóolaó. Níl i mbaot-glóir  
 mná míic veit, agus i n-a móir-rioiuim o'focluib ag  
 gníoruáó a rir cum gníomaríta, act iarríact ar a  
 laige féin do ceilt.

Act níoir taire o'doife. Lá áirite cúir rí na leant  
 ag rnaím ar loc Daibhneac, agus 'nuair bíodair 'ran  
 uirge o'airtuis rí 'n-a n-ealaróitib ias le neair oiaoió-  
 eacta. Anrair iarríair na healairóte daonna ro ar a  
 leat-mátar b'fioómair rpar do cúir le n-a gcuairó-cár  
 agus do cúir —

“Nó go gcomíacfaró an bean i nvear agus an fear  
 i otuaró . . . nó go maotair rí céao bliáóan

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united . . . . until you shall

arí loč Dairibhneac, agus trí céad bliadán arí Sruic na Maoidle, roimí Éirinn agus Albain, agus trí céad bliadán i nIorriar Domnainn agus i nIorriar Sliabh Bhréanainn.”

Atá áit éigin le faigháil arí doirse. Ní tuis léi anoir toisic a miorcaire do tógáil tóib, aic luigeasuirgeann rí a gcuid anróis com mórí agus ír féidir léi. Fágann rí aca a meabairi daonna féin, agus a n-úrlabha Saeóilge féin, agus neairt ceol do fheimm com binn, com mílir rin ná féarfao rluaisge feargaca, ná mairdeamla coóla do féanao dá fáil-éirteac.

Ír mó-geárrí gur moctuisgeao amuis na páirtíde, agus o'airin lír 'n-a aigheao féin gur iunneao léir-rghior oirca, agus cuairó ré gan rcao go bhuacaió loca Dairibhneac; agus innirio na healairde daonna rain do gur bíao a cuio cloinne féin iao, agus ná fuil ré 'n-a gcumar an oirca daonna do glacaao arí. Ír í Fionn-ghuala an ingean a labhair:—

“Ní fuil cumair agann caob do tabairt me aon duine fearoa, aic atá arí n-úrlabha Saeóilge féin agann, agus atá 'n-arí gcumar ceol fíir-éacac do cantain, agus ír leorí do'n cineao daonna uile do fáram beic éirteac leir an gceol rain; agus anair agann anoic, agus canram ceol daob.”

Ní fuilí do'n ceol ro beic mílir, rogac, do cuirí ruan arí atairí buairdeairca, óráirde, ír é ag féacaint arí beo-mlleaao a ceairairí leanb ór comair a fúl, agus ír deair an cunnair 'ran úir-rgeal ro ruan an atairí go mairin le caob an fuair-loca úo. Níorí b'faoa ó'n lá rain go

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erin and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Domnann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race; and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

στάνις τόζαλταρ κόρη αη Δοίρε, μαρη σ'αίρτις β'οὐβ  
 Θεαίς le τ'ραοιθεάτ í ζο θεάμαν αειη.

Αγυρ ανοιρ τορμυζεανη ραοζάλ τοιλβ, βρόναδ na η-έαν  
 ρο. Βα ὄονα αν τρεο βί οητα αη Λοδ Θεαίβηεαδ, ατ  
 ανηραιν το ετς leo α ζαίησε σ'αγallaη, αγυρ ceol το  
 ρεινιη το εμυρφαδ ρλυαιζτε εum ρυαιη. Ατ βί α με  
 καίτε, αγυρ το β'είζεαν οόιβ ουλ εum αοιζεαάτα αη  
 Σρυτ na Μαοιλε. Β'έαάταδ é αν ανηό αγυρ αν ερυαδ-  
 ταν σ'φυλαηγεαοαη ό ριοσ, ό β'αίρτις, ιρ ό ζ'αίρβ-ρ'ιον,  
 αγυρ ιρ β'ρεάζ α ροιλλρζέταρ é 'ραν ὕρη-ρ'ζéal.

“Cιό τ'ηά ατ τάνις μεαδον οιοέε εύεα, αγυρ το εμυρη  
 αν ζ'αοτ με, αγυρ το μεαρυιζεαοαη na τοννα α σ'τρεατ αν  
 αγυρ α σ'τορμάν, αγυρ το λοηηαιζ τεηε ζ'εαλάη, αγυρ  
 τάνις ρ'ζυαβαδ ζ'αίρβ-ανφαδ αη ραο na ραίρηζε, ιοηηαρ  
 ζυρη ρ'ζαρηαοαη Clanna Ληη le εέιλε αη ρεαδ na μόμ-  
 μαρη, αγυρ τυζαδ ρεαδ'ράη αν εμυρη εμυρ-λεατ αν ορηα,  
 ζο naδ ρεαοαρη ηεαδ οίοβ εια ρ'ληζε, νό εια conαρη α  
 ηθεαδαιδ αν εμυρ ειλε.”

Sul αη ρ'άζαοαη Σρυτ na Μαοιλε το ρυαρηαοαη ραδαρ  
 ειλε αη α ζεαρηαο, αγυρ ιρ έαάταδ αν ρ'ζéal ná τάνις  
 αορ ná βάρ αη Ληη ná αη α complaάτ le εέαοταιβ  
 βλιαδαν. Ιηρ αν ραοζάλ ρο η η-α μαρηηο, τά τ'ραοιθεάτ  
 αη ζαδ ηιδ, ιρ ηί ε'αζανη αορ ná θεααρηη ná ζαλαη αη ετρη  
 ná αη ὀαοιηβ. Νί'λ 'ραν τ'ραοζάλ ρο αη ραο ατ ρ'ιοη-όιζε,  
 ιρ μαρηε, ιρ ὕρη-β'ρεάζέταδ.

Ιαρη β'ράζβ'αίλ Σροτα na Μαοιλε οόιβ το ε'υζαοαη α  
 η-αζαδ αη Ιορηαρ Οοιηηαιηηη, αγυρ ιρ ανηρο το αηραδ  
 οητα όιζ-ρ'εαρη το εμυρη ρ'ιορ cunnταρ α η-έαάτ, αγυρ λέρη  
 ηιό-εαίηηις ηιληεαάτ α ηζοτα, αγυρ ιρ τυζτα ρά θεαρηα



Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

ζυρι ανηραν ζλναιρεανν υμναιζτε αν εεασ υαιρ ο  
 βεαλ φιοννζυαλαν, αζυρ ζο η-ιαρμιαν ρι αρ α δεαρ-  
 βματμαιβ ζελλεαδ το'η τ-αον Δια. Ταρ ειρ α οτρηιμηρε  
 βειτ αιττε ανηραν ριλλιο εum Sic φιονναεαιο, μαρ  
 αρ βματσαρ ζο ηβεαδ

“Ληρ ζο η-α τεαζλαε, αζυρ α ημυνητεαρ υιλε,” αετ  
 “ηρ ανηλαο ρυαριασαρ αν βαιλε ραρ ρολαη αρ α ζγιονη,  
 ζαν αετ μαολ-μαεα ζλαρα αζυρ οοηρεαδα ηεανητα ανη,  
 ζαν τιζ, ζαν τεηε, ζαν τηειβ.”

Ρα οειρεαδ τεαζημυιζιο λειρ ηα ερηορτυροειβ, αζυρ  
 ριλλιο αρ α ζγιυε οαονηα αρηρ. Αετ το εμυ ηα βλιαοαητα  
 οηεα, αζυρ ηρ ερηονηα, ροηηβεε, ρανη ηα ρεαν-οαοηε ιαο  
 ανοηρ. Βαιρτεαρ ιαο, αζυρ τυιτιο ι ραηη-εοολαο αν βαιρ.

Ηρ τοιζ λην-ηε ηα ρυιλ ηζεαλ λε ραζβαιλ ι ηε ηα  
 λητηζεαετα ζαεοιλζε εοηη ηεαεταε, εοηη ηιονζαηταε λε  
 “ηΟηοεαδ ελοηηηε Ληρ.” Τηαετανη ρε αρ λειρ-βμυρεαδ  
 ηα ηορ ηεηρεανηαε το εαηηηζ λε τεαετ ηα ερηορτυ-  
 υροεαετα. εμυρεανη ρε ι η-υηαιλ ούηηη ηαηρ ειηηζιο αν  
 ερηορτυροεαετ 'η-αρ οτηρ μαρ ραρ ηα ηαον-οηοε, αετ  
 ζυρι μαλλ-εειηεαε, ηεαηη-εαρηαο το ηοεμυιζ ρι 'η-αρ  
 ηεαηζ. Ηρ ε ειαλληζεαηη αν ραρηαε το ρυαριασαρ ηα  
 ηειη ηομπα αρ α βριλλεαδ εum βαιλε ηα μεαε ηα ηορ  
 βραζαηαε ηρ οηαοηοεαετα, αζυρ αν οειρηρ ηοηοι το βι ροηρ  
 αν Sean-ηαοζαλ αζυρ αν Saοζαλ ηυαο ι ηεηρηηηη. Ηρ ε  
 ειαλληζεαηη αν ουιλ το βι αζ ηα ηεαηαιβ οαονηα ρο  
 ζελλεαδ το ερηορτυροεαετ ηα υλληαετ ηα ουηηεα ηα  
 ουηηεε εum αν ερηεοεαηη εαρηε το ζλαεαο, ηρ αν  
 βυαηοεαρηε ρειηηηηηηη οηεα ηα ηα ηεαετα ηα ουηηεα

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fionnachadh, where they expected to find

“Lir with his household and all his people,” but “they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode.”

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of “The Fate of the Children of Lir.” It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-



ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she



míó-áḡ ír milleaḡ aḡ Cúigeaḡ Ullaḡ aḡ fao, aḡur tugann ré Dóiríope marí ainm uiríte. Óiríuigítear í do cónḡbáil fá leit í noaltaḡar, aḡur aḡ moḡtann doiríe mná ói, labhrann rí ḡo mínaḡ aḡ an máire dob'áil léi beit aḡ an bḡearí do íóirfaḡ rí. Dóirítear léi ḡo bḡuil a leitíero rín ó'óig-fearí í ḡcúirít an míóḡ. Teagmáirí le céile, aḡur éaluiríto ariaoḡ ḡo hAlbain, aḡur téirí beirít oearbhráḡarí Naoiríe le n-a óoir. Tagann míó-íuamí-near aḡ an míḡ, í noiaíó na mná mairíeamíla, aḡur larann a óiríóde cum oíóḡaltaḡ do baint ar na curíaoíob. Aḡc cía bairífear an oíóḡaltaḡ ríain oíob? Ní hé Cú Cúlainn ná Conall Ceáirínaḡ, aḡc aḡá aḡ éirín le ríḡbáil aḡ ífeairíḡur Mac Róig, aḡur curítear ḡo hAlbain é oá n-iaríaríó.

Topnuirígeann tríríaríḡmíeil an ríḡéil í ḡceairít nuairí do ḡríoríann an t-áḡ Naoiríe tré neairít tír-ḡmáóda cum ḡluairíeaḡt a baile, ír ḡan toiríaoḡ do beit aige aḡ aḡcáirít ná aḡ bairíairít Dóiríope. Cuirí Naoiríe ionntaoíob í bḡfeairíḡur, aḡur do meallaḡ é. Ní oíig ḡo bḡuil í litríḡeaḡt aon ríáirí ír bhríonairíge aḡur ír oíilbe ná beo-cuiríne Dóiríope aḡ ríḡbáil ná hAlban oí:—

“ Mo óion oirít a tírí úo íoirí, aḡur ír míó-olc líom tú o'ríḡbáil, óirí ír aoirínní do óuain aḡur do óalaḡ-íuirít aḡur do máḡa míon-ríḡoḡaḡa, caom-áilne, aḡur do túlca tairíneamíaḡa, taoḡ-uaine, aḡur ír beaḡ do léiríeamarí a lear tú o'ríḡbáil.”

Aḡur anhríain leanann laoirí beo-óairíte, oubríonáḡ, uairíneac. Ní léirí-óairínḡairíeaḡt labhríar Dóiríope, aḡc

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feergus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feergus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba:—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

iy zeall le tarngairieacht urocc-amhair a chiorde:—

“Do cíomh néal ’ran aer agus iy néal fola é, agus do béairfainn comairle maic óaoib-re, a Cloinn Uirniḡ,” ar í, “dul go Dún Dealgan, mar a bfuil Cú Cúlaimn, nó go scaitid feairḡur an plead, agus beic ar comairce Con Cúlaimn, ar eagla ceilze Concubairi.”

Act ní tugaó géilleadó uí, amair do cúir luét na Trae neam-fuim i máitib Charantia.

“Ó nac bfuil eagla orainn, ní déanfaimid an comairle rin,” ar Naoirie.

Act térdéann a urocc-amhair i léirre agus i ndéine:—

“A Cloinn Uirniḡ, atá comairta agam-rá óaoib-re, má tá Concubair ar tí feille do déanamh ormaidb.”

Agus tagann an comairta rin cum cinn, agus deir í, “Do b’feairi mo comairle-re do déanamh fá gan teact go h-Éirinn.”

’Sé bun na triairdeacta an neam-fuim do cúir Clann Uirniḡ i n-actairtib Déirioire. Agus anoir tá ríad greamuigite i uir na Cmaidbe Ruaidhe, agus cor-nuigean an t-áir. Ní féirir Naoirie féin do fáruigad ar chórad:—

“Agus nó go n-áireamtar gairim mara, nó uille feadó, nó urúct for féar, nó méalta neime, ní féirir míom ná áiream a maid do ceannairb curad agus cairt-mlead agus do meadadairb maola-deairga ó lámairb Naoirie ar an láairi rin.”

Act ní ráirta ’n-a h-airneadó bí Déirioire:—

“Dair mo láim, iy buadac an tuirar rin do migneadó lib, agus iy olc an comairle do migneadar taodad le Concubair go bíad.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feergus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Ανοιρ λέιμιρ ται na ballaróib, ιρ βειμιρ Όείμιριε  
 leo, αδυρ βειοίρ φαοι αι Concubair ζο βιάτ muna  
 mbeaó ζυι έυιι an oiaoi, αζ ζέιλλεαó το'η μίζ, κορζ le  
 n-a ζκοιούαάτ. Τυιτιρ Clann Uirniζ, αδυρ έαζανν  
 Όείμιριε αι υαιζ ηαιοιρε. Μαλλαάτυιζεανν an oiaoi  
 Eamain, αδυρ ταμνζαιριεανν ρέ ná βειó ρ'λιόάτ Con-  
 cubair ζο βιάτ ι Ρίοζαάτ Ulaó.

'San úiri-ρζéal ρο ιρ λέιι ζυι β'έ οιβμυζαó an áιζ  
 éinne cloc-bun na τραιζιόεαάτα. Τυζται ιαμιαάτ αι  
 an τ-άζ ραιη το ρέαναó, αδυρ Όείμιριε τά βαζαιριε  
 ζαν φαοιρεαίη αι ηαιοιρε, ιρ τά όειήμυζαó, áτ ηί  
 ζέιλλεανν ηαιοιρε τά ζλόιι. Ρίοιι-ρ'άιό το β'εαó αι υαιμυβ  
 an oiaoi, áτ κοιμήλιονανν ρέ ρέηη μόριάν τά έαμν-  
 ζαιριεαάτ, αδυρ ιρ θεαλληαιάάτ ná μαιβ ριορ αιζε ζο  
 millpeaó an Rí Clann Uirniζ 'nuair το βαιη ρέ le  
 oiaoióeáτ a ζcumar oíob. áτ ται έιρ a η-έαζα,  
 ριλλεανν an ταμνζαιριεαάτ αιίρ αιι. Ιρ έαάταάτ έ κυηάάτ  
 an oiaoi 'ρan ρζéal ρο, a ηεαιρ ταμνζαιριεαάτα αδυρ  
 cumar μόιι-έυμαιοε το leaζαó; áτ οιοó κυηάάταάτ έ  
 an oiaoi, ηί'λ ρέ 'η-a έυμαρ, an τ-άζ το έιόεανν ρέ ζο  
 τοιόα αζ τεαάτ, το ρ'άμυζαó.

ηί'λ ριζίζε αζαιηην έυμ αιραοβ-ρζαοιλεαó το όέαναίη  
 αι "Οιόεαó Cloinne Τυιριεανν," áτ ιρ ί an ιοηηταοίβ  
 το βί αca αρ an μίζ το óall an αιοιόε αca, ιρ το έυιι  
 αρ a ζcumar an τ-άζ το βί μόμπα το ρέαναó.



And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance; great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

# an séiseadó halt.

## na hannála.

Do rḡrḡbadaó a lán do ḡrḡr ḡlaimn 'ḡan rḡaótiḡaó  
 haoir óeas, ḡo móri-móri 'n-a toḡac. Cioó ḡo bḡuil  
 “Annála Ríogácta Éirḡeann” 'n-a ḡrḡoimic ari an  
 noútaíḡ ari ḡao, ó céao-ḡabáil na tíḡe, ir iomḡa  
 rḡéal ḡrḡeanniḡari, ir iomḡa tuaiḡirḡ caóa ir cunḡar  
 ari earboḡ, ir ari rḡoláḡe le ḡaḡbáil ionḡta, ḡo móri-  
 móri 'ḡan ḡcuro ir óeíóeanaiḡe oíob. Ir ḡíoḡi ḡurí tóḡaó  
 an cúro ir mó doḡ na hannálaib ó ḡean-leabḡaib ná  
 fuil aḡainn anoir, aḡur ḡurí lean na huḡḡoairi rḡan-  
 cáint na leabḡari ḡo, ir ḡurí rḡrḡíobḡoari ḡéin i ḡcaint  
 arióóeíḡeac, áḡrḡa, neam-cóitcáinn, ná tuirḡrḡe anoir ḡan  
 ouaó, acó 'n-a óiaró rḡin, ir mimic a rḡrḡíobann rḡao le  
 bḡrḡ ir ḡuinneam ari cóḡaríob ir ari cḡeacáib, ir ari an-  
 bḡuro na h-Éirḡeann. Ir oóíḡ ná fuil aḡ aon cḡrḡóó 'ḡan  
 voimān an oirḡeo rḡain rḡeancáir ir rḡéal ir beacáó  
 naom ir ḡlait, an oirḡeo rḡain tḡrḡácta tarí ḡac ari ḡaib  
 an tíḡi, ir ari ḡac ḡaḡar neíte bí le ḡaḡbáil ann—ari a  
 huḡḡoairiḡ ir ari a laocḡaib, curḡa i noiaró a céile ó'n  
 oḡoḡac, bliadóain i noiaró bliadóna ir atá le ḡaḡbáil inḡ  
 na hannálaib rḡeo, ó teacó Cáerairi oá ḡicúro lá moim  
 an oíle ḡo oú an bliadóain 1616, o'aoir cḡrḡoḡt.

## CHAPTER VI.

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THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland" are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty; nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

17 1 n'Óún na nGall do cuirteas le céile an móir-obair  
 seo, 1 gConbeint na m'bhácair, "do cáit corpar bíó agur  
 fhuotáilne" leir na huíosaib, agur 17 ann do chíoch-  
 nuigeas na hAnnála, 'ran mbliaóain 1636. Aoiri  
 Miceál Ua Cléirigh féin gur b'ead an dara lá rícto do  
 mí Ianuairi, Anno Domini, 1632, do tionnighas an  
 leabair go 1 gConbeint Uhuin na nGall, agur "do  
 chíochnaigheadh irin gconbeint céona an seachmaoth  
 lá o'Augur, 1636." Goirtear ar an obair seo go minic,  
 "Annála na Ceitire Mairtuir." 17 1ao rain Miceál  
 Ua Cléirigh, Conaire Ua Cléirigh, Cucoirigeas Ua Cléirigh,  
 17 Fearfeara Ua Maolconaire. Bhácair o'Óir Naomh  
 Fiancéir do b'ead Miceál, agur do b'é ainm do  
 giasótaróe air ná Taós an tSléibe. Do rugas é  
 'ran mbliaóain 1575, le hair béal áta an Síonnan, 1  
 gContae Dún na nGall. Bí ré mar útcair aige beic 'n-a  
 chíomictóe, 17 ní maib chíomictóe maím 1 n'Éirinn do cuir  
 níor mó le céile dá seancair 17 do beataíó a naomh 'ná  
 an bhácair boct go, mar 17 é do rghíob na leabair seo  
 leanar:—"An Réim Ríogairóe agur Naomh Seancair  
 na hÉireann" (1630), "An Leabair Gabála" (1631),  
 17 'n-a deannra rain do rghíob ré ranarán nuas 1  
 n-ar míniú fé mórián do chíuasó-foclair na sean-uiséar.  
 Aoiri haruir go bfuair fé bár 'ran mbliaóain 1643.  
 Bí caint Miceál féin rimplíóe, veap, mar foillirigtear  
 'ran sean-focal do cuir fé 1 ogorac na n-Annála  
 o'Feargal Ua Gabála.

Bí Cucoirigeas Ua Cléirigh, duine eile dor na Mairtuir-  
 tírúib, 'n-a céann ar an tír do muinntir Cléirigh

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books:— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" 1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for F'erghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.





Besides the Annals, he wrote a "Life of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell" and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. "The Life of Hugh Ruadh" is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assaroe :—

"They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assaroe and thence westward to the ocean."\*

\* The text of extract from "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" is taken from Father Murphy's edition.

B'é Dubaltaic Mac Fihbhirig an rholáirne ba óeiri-eannaiḡe do cúir ḡeinealaic na ttríeab nÉiríeannaic i n-easari le ríoir-foḡlum. Do muḡaó é i Leacan Mic Fihbhirig i ḡConnrae Sligig, timceall na bliáona 1585. Bí a rinreari muime 'n-a ḡeioimicróib, aḡur iḡ le ceann aca do rḡríobaó iḡ do cuiríeab le céile "Leabari Lecain" aḡur "Leabari Buirde Lecain." Do hoireabó Dubaltaic 'ran Múiniam fá Múinntiri Aoḡaḡáin, aḡur fá Múinntiri Daoḡorian, aḡur do éaic ré úmóir dá ríaoḡail fáda aḡ cur le céile ḡaó ari fan an ttríac ríin do ḡeinealaicáib na hÉiríeann. Ó'n mbliáoin 1645 ḡo 1650, bí ré 'ran ḡaillim, i ḡColáirte S. Niocol, aḡ cur le céile a móir-obairi, "Criaoba Coibneara aḡur ḡeneluirḡ ḡaóa ḡabála dári ḡaib Éiríe ó'n Amra ḡo hAdáim." 'San ḡaillim do bí cairíeaim aige ari Ruiríri Ua Flaḡairtaig aḡur ari uḡoari "Cambrensis Eversus," aḡur iḡ móir an congnaim do túḡ ré dóib ariao. 'N-a óiaió ríin do bí ré ari tuaríaral aḡ Sírí Iameḡ Uairíe, aḡ airtímuḡaó aḡur aḡ léiri-míriuḡaó na ríean-uḡoari nḡaeóealaic ḡo hári Uairíe, 'ran mbliáoin 1666. Do maríbaó Dubaltaic 'n-a ríeanuime 'ran mbliáoin 1670, i ḡConnrae Sligig, iḡ níoir éirigíó a leitíer do rícoláirne i nÉiríunn ó ríoin ḡo haíríri Eoḡain Ua Coimíaríde.

Dála móir-oiríe Dubaltaig ari ḡeinealaic na hÉiríeann, iḡ ríu an t-ainm do cúir ré uiríe do rḡríobaó ḡo hionlán, óirí ríoilíḡeann ré dúimḡ bun na hoiríe ríin, marí do céar aigíeabó Dubaltaig é. Aḡ ríeo an t-ainm:—

Dudley Mac Firbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it:—

“Criaoba coibneara aghur zeuga zeneluis zaca zabala  
 oari zab eipe o'n amra zo h'aoam (act Fomoiariz, Loc-  
 lannairiz, aghar Sargail amain, lamaim o tanzadai oari  
 tti) zo naomifearcar aghur meim miosmarde foola for  
 aghur ra deois clari na ccuimrizearai iari nuiso aibziorie  
 na plomte aghur na haitte oimreara luaiter iim  
 leabairra do teaghloma o leir an Dubaltao Mac Fhibiriz  
 leacain. 1650.”

Tari eir eaga an Dubaltairiz, ni maib fear i nEiminn  
 ag a maib eolar cinnte ar fean-oliztib na hEimeann,  
 no ag a maib neart focail toira na fean-uzdai do  
 criaobirzaoileao. Ba moiri an meala e gan amra, aghur  
 ir nairca an rgeal le n-aitur na tazmann Sir Iamer  
 Uare maib da ainm, ciob zur iomda fean-rzhibinn  
 toira o'airtiriz re ar zaeoilz do, ir zur moiri an  
 congnaim do tuz re do cum a leabair do cur le ceile  
 ir do ceairtuzao. Filleann an feancar ar fein. Fear  
 eile mar an Dubaltao do beao Eozan Ua Coraioe. Ni  
 maib fear eile i nEiminn ag a maib an oimeao rain  
 eolar ar fean-litirizeact na hEimeann ir ar a fean-  
 oliztib. Ir iomda la do cair re ag rziruao leabair  
 car-toira na noliszite; do fuir re an duao, ir fuair  
 daoine eile an clu.

Ata oet no naoi n-oibmeaca eile, bunadara ca no ait-  
 rzhiboeta o lam an Dubaltairiz, Sanarain, 7c. Ni'l i  
 leabhair an Dubaltairiz moiran do rpor hriosmar, act  
 ta an oimeao rain leizinn ionnta nac ceair iao do  
 dearmao na do leizean i bfairlige.



“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far as they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O'Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis's hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley's books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

## AN SEACTMÁD H A L T.

## SEACTRÚN CÉITINN.

Ní' l aon uḡṡar do mune an oimead le Céitinn cum léiḡeann iḡ liriḡeaḡt do ḡongbáil beo i mearḡ na noaoinead, ḡo mói-móir oaoine leaḡa nḡoḡa. Níoi b'eaḡ ḡui reriḡb Seactrún reanḡar mó-beaḡt, mó-ḡinnḡe, aḡt ḡui ḡui ré le ḡéile i n-aon bolḡ aḡmáin na tuaiuirḡiḡe do bí le faḡbáil ar Éirunn inḡ na rean-leabḡaib. Ní maib tuaiuirḡ eile le faḡbáil ḡom veap, ḡom fuinnḡe iḡ do leaḡ ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní maib aoinne 'n-a rcoláirre roḡanta ná maib eolar aige ar rḡáir Céitinn, iḡ ní maib criḡḡnuḡadḡ véanta ar rcoláirre i rcoil ḡo mbeaḡ macraḡaib véanta aige do'n "b'foirar feara." I mearḡ na oḡuaḡaḡ rimpliḡe ní leomḡaḡ aoinne aḡmar do ḡui ar an ḡcunntar ḡugann Céitinn ar ḡabáil na hÉirianne le Paicolan, iḡ leir an ḡcuiḡ eile do'n triḡb rin tar leari. Ní leomḡaḡ aoinne réanaḡ ḡui criḡmeaḡ ḡaeḡeal ḡlar le naḡar nime, iḡ ḡui ḡnearuirḡ Maoir a ḡneaḡ 'ran Éiript le fearḡaib Dé. Bíoḡar na oaoine realbuiḡḡe o'fíunne na rḡéal rain, iḡ bí a n-uim-móir 'n-a mbéal aca, iḡ ní maib oán ná laoiḡ ḡan taḡairḡ éirḡin doḡ na mói-ḡairḡiḡiḡib ar ar ḡrácḡ Céitinn. Iḡ oíḡ linn muna mbeaḡ ḡui rḡriḡoḡadḡ an "foirar feara" ná beaḡ cumḡne na rean-aimḡirre, ná ainmeaḡa na rean-flair, ná éaḡta na leomḡan leaḡ ḡom

## CHAPTER VII.

## GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abarò i n-aigneaò na nraoineaò iʒ bíoṡarí leic-ćeao  
bliaóan ó ʒoin.

Iʒ ʒíorí, ʒo veimín, ʒo maib na neite ʒeo i leabhaib  
eile ar ar tós Seaṡrín 1ao, acṡ níʹl ur-móʒi ʒoʒ na  
leabhaib ʒeo le ʒaʒbáil i nou. Do cáilleamar 1ao, iʒ  
tá an “ʒoʒur ʒeapa” ’n-arí meapʒ, ʒan ʒocal, ʒan  
litiri aʒ ceapṡabáil uairò. Tamall ó ʒoin iʒ arí éiʒin  
ʒo bí ʒuine uapal i ʒCúigeaò Mumhan ná maib a ma-  
raimail ʒoʹn “ʒoʒur ʒeapa” ʒo ceanamail i ʒcoméao  
aige. Bí ʒé aʒ na ʒaoimib boṡṡa còim maic leir na  
huairlib. Iʒ cumín linn ʒéin ʒiʒeaóoʒi boṡṡ ʒo maip  
i nlaiparí Cíapmaròe, náʒi móʒi i ʒceannta ʒóṡain na  
hoiṡce ʒo bí ’n-a ʒeib, ʒo ʒaipbeáin ʒom a ma-  
raimail ʒo Cétinn ʒo ceanamail, capṡa i linn-éaoac, iʒ ʒan  
ʒul aʒ ʒáipṡe bʒeic aip, ná ʒioʒbáil ar bíṡ ʒo ʒéanain  
ʒó. Ba ʒeall le leabharí naomṡa é arí a imeap, iʒ níorí  
ʒioimaoim ʒo bí an leabharí ʒain, maip iʒ blaipṡa cʒumín  
ʒo bí ʒuairipʒ ar ʒac leaṡanaṡ ʒe i ʒceann an ʒiʒea-  
óʒia, aʒur ba ʒeacairí áipṡeam aip ʒo maib ʒocal acṡ  
ʒíunne ’ʒan méio ʒo ʒʒimíob Cétinn ar ʒennur ʒeapṡao,  
ar ʒapitolan, iʒ an cúio eile aca. Tá cumíne Cétinn  
ʒóʒ i meapʒ ʒaoineao náʒi léiʒ, iʒ ná ʒeacairò maip a  
cúio ʒaoṡairí. Iʒ ʒóʒ leir a lán ʒo maib ʒiaoiṡeacṡ  
éiʒin arí an nʒuine, nó ʒurí ó neain ʒo ʒáimip ʒé cum  
cunntap ar ʒean ʒo ʒabairṡ ʒúimín. Ní móʒi an ʒ-ionʒnaò  
ʒurí cʒeio na ʒaoine náʒi ʒuine ʒaonna Seaṡrín. Do  
cʒreib ʒallṡa ʒo b’eaò é, acṡ ’n-a ʒiairò ʒin bí ʒé ʒoip  
*Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis.* Caoiliceac ó cʒioiṡe amaṡ

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,



Saḡair, Doctúirí Diaḡácta vo b'eaḡ é. Feair léiḡeannta i Laitin ir i leabhairb na n-Aitḡeac vo b'eaḡ é, ir áit ré a lán dá f'aoḡal 'ran b'f'airnc. Áct 'nuair o'f'ill ré a baile t'ug ré é féin ruar air fao o'obair na hEaḡlaire le oíḡhair ionḡantairḡ suir cuiread' muḡairt reáta air, ir suir b'éiḡean oó uil i b'rolac i ḡcumair uoilb i nḡleann Eaḡairlac. Ir é an muo ir ionḡantairḡe i mbeátaíḡ Seátrúin ḡo b'ruair ré uair ir caoi air na leabhair vo t'ear-tuirḡ uair i ḡoíir a f'eanáir, vo bailluḡad an f'air vo bí fán ir muḡairt air. Vo f'uibail ré ḡo Connáctairb ir ḡo Doirne, áct ní móir vo mear vo bí aḡ feairb Ulaḡ ná aḡ Connáctairb air. I ḡcionn t'ir nó ceáair vo bliadantairb bí an "Foir Feair" ḡo léir curta i ḡceann a céile air (1631). Vo rḡiḡob ré f'or dá leabair oiaḡa, "Eoáir Sḡiac an Airrinn," aḡur "T'ir b'oir-ḡaoite an b'air."

Oála an "Foir Feair," t'ornuḡean ré ó'n b'f'oir-t'oraḡ, ir t'agann anuar ḡo 1200. Tá ré lán vo f'ean-riannairb i n-a mbailiḡt'ear ainmeáca na t'iread' vo táirḡ ḡo h'Éirinn, ir i n-a ḡuirteair le céile na héácta vo bain leo. Tá a b'uil i b'p'or ve, leir, anr'o ir anr'úo múcta le ainmeáairb t'airreac' ir f'laic' ir a ḡraob' ḡeinealac. Níoir ceap Seátrúin aon n'ó n-a mearair féin; ḡac a t'ugann ré oúinn—na rḡéalta, na heáct'air'e, na ḡabáltair na héácta air muir ir air t'ir—ruair ré iao ḡo léir i f'ean-leabhairb vo bí fá mear aḡ ollainnairb ir f'air'ib. Ní muir ré áct iao vo cur le céile ir o'aoit'ugad'. Oá mbead' ré aḡ ait-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa" it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

ῥημίοναδὸς νὰ νεῖτεαδὸς ῥῖν ἰ νου, ἀγυρὰ ἀ δῖνεαδὸς λάν το  
 λέιζεανν νὰ χαῖρημε ῥεο, νί'λ θεαῖμαδὸς νὰ ζο ζουῖ-  
 ρεαδὸς ῥέ ἀ λάν οῖοβ ἰ λεατ-ταοῖβ, το βῖιζ νὰ βαῖνεαν  
 ῥιαδὸς λε ῥῖν-ῥεαντάρ. Ἀττὸς το ῥεῖοβ ῥέ ἀν “Ῥοῖυρ  
 ῥεαῖα” τὰ ζεαλλε τῖνι οἶεαδὸς βῖαδὸς ἀν ὅ ῥοῖν, ἀγυρὰ νί  
 ἡῖονεαδὸς νὰ ῖαῖβ ἀν οἶεαδὸς ῥαῖν ἀῖρηαιρ ἰ οῖαοῖβ ῥῖννε  
 νὰ ν-έαττὸς ῥο ἀν τῖαττὸς ῥαῖν. Ἀγυρὰ ἡρ ῖαῖν ἀν ζεαδὸς ἀτά  
 ἀν ῥεάλ ἀζ τῖοῖταῖβ εῖλε. Τὰ ἀ λάν έαττὸς ἡρ εαττῖα ἰ  
 ῥεαντάρ νὰ Ῥοῖνα το ἔῖεῖο νὰ Ῥοῖνάηαιζ ζο ἡῖοῖλάν  
 ἰ ν-αιρηῖν ὕῖηηῖλ ἡρ Οῖβῖο — νὰ ῥῖν ἰοῖητα ἀττὸς ὕῖ-  
 ῥεάλτα νὰ βῖῖλεαδὸς. Ἀῖ ἀν νόρ ζεαδὸς νὰ ῥῖῖλλεαν  
 ἀν ῥζοῖλῖη ἀνοῖρ ὀ'έαττῖαῖβ ἡεηηῖτ ἡρ ἡοῖηα ἀγυρὰ  
 ὀά λεῖτέῖοῖοῖβ ὀ'εαττῖαῖοῖβ ἰ ῥεαντάρ νὰ ὕῖεατῖη.

Ἀττὸς ἡ-α ὀῖαῖο ῥῖν, νί ἔεητ ἀ ὕεαῖμαδὸς ζο ἡῖοῖν  
 βῖναδὸς ῥῖννε ἡρ νὰ ῥεάλταῖβ ῥεο το ζῖατ. ἡῖοῖ  
 ἔῖῖν νὰ ῥῖῖῖε ῥεάλ ἀῖ ὀῖῖη ῥαν ὀεαλλῖαῖν έῖηῖν το  
 βῖῖτ ἀῖ — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — οῖοδὸς ζο ζουῖρτῖαῖ  
 λεῖρ ἰ ῖῖτ νὰ ἡῖῖαδὸς, ἰ ὀῖηεο νὰ ἡαῖνεοῖαῖοῖ εῖ ῥά  
 ὀῖηεαδὸς. ὕ'οῖ ἀν βῖαῖ ἀῖ ἔῖη νὰ βῖῖῖ ὕῖη-ῥεάλτα  
 ὀ'ῖν τῖαζαῖ ῥαῖν ἔῖηῖηῖττῖε ἡρ ἡεαῖττῖα τῖῖο ἀ ἔῖῖ  
 ῥεαντάρ. ὕα ἔοῖηῖα εῖ νὰ ῖαῖβ ῥῖλε νὰ ῥῖῖῖο  
 λε ῖηῖεαῖβ ἰ ἡεαῖττῖα ὀεαῖνεαδὸς, ἡρ ἡῖῖ ἡῖῖοῖ ἀα ἀ ἔῖῖ  
 νὰ ἀ ζῖῖῖ.

ἡρ ἄῖηῖν ἀν ὀῖοῖ-βῖοῖλαττὸς ἀ ἔῖηεανν ῖεατῖῖν λε  
 ν-α “Ῥοῖυρ ῥεαῖα.” ὀ τῖαττὸς ἀν ὀαῖη ἡεηῖ ἀναλλ  
 ἔῖηῖν ἡρ ῖοῖηε, ἡῖοῖ ζῖαβ ῥοῖ νὰ ῥῖῖῖηεαῖ νὰ  
 ἡῖῖῖαῖ ῖαζῖηῖηαιζ ἀττὸς ἀζ ἔῖη ῖῖοῖ βῖῖεαζα ἡρ ῥεάλτα

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Fornus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say,"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Fornus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies







about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

μασ, αςυρ αν ινέρο α βαινεαρ μηρ να ρεαν-ῤαεθεαλαιβ  
 το βί ας άιτιυςαδ αν οιλαιν ρεο μια ηςαβάλταιρ να  
 ρεαν-ῤαιλλ," 7c.

1η μινιc α ζοηιτεαρ αν ηεροδοτυρ ῤαεθεαλαc αρ  
 ῤεατμύν, αςυρ ιρ νειμιν ζυρ μόρι α βρουλ το cορ-  
 μαίλεαcτ εατοριτα αριαον. Τα cαινε ῤεατμύν νεαρ,  
 ριμπλιθε, μιλιρ-βριατμαc, μαρ cαινε "Αcαρ αν τῤεαν-  
 cαιρ." ῤεαναιρ αριαον βαοc-ροcαιλ, νεαιμ-βηιοζμαρια,  
 νεαιμ-φαιromeamla, αcτ 'η-α η-ιοναο ατά ριυννεαιμ ιρ  
 ταταc ι ηςαc λίνε οά ρτάριταιβ. Cυμιο αριαον ιρτεαc  
 να ηύιρ-ρςεάλτα βαινεαρ λε η-α οcίρ, ζαν αιμιαρ το  
 cυρ αρ α βρίμιννε. β'ε ηεροδοτυρ αν cέαο ρτάριμθε  
 το cυρ ρεανcαρ να ῤηέιγεαc ι η-εαζαρ ιρ ι ζομιν-  
 νεαρ, αςυρ cιοδ ζυρ β'ραοα 'η-α οιαο το ρςηιοβ ρέ,  
 β'ε Cέιτινν αν cέαο ρεανcαιρθε ο'ορμυις ιρ το cεαρτυις  
 ι ρλαcτ, ιρ ι η-εαζαιρ ρεανcαρ να ηῤαεθεαλ. Το βαι  
 να ριλιθε — να ῤηέιγις ιρ να Ρομάναις—α λάν αρ ρτάρι-  
 ταιβ ηεροδοτυρ, αςυρ 'ραν ζομα ζcέαοηα cυς Cέιτινν  
 ιννβεαρ α ηοόcαιρ οορ να ριλιοιβ ῤαεθεαλαcα, ο'Αοδ-  
 αζάν ηα Ραcαιλλε, το ῤεαζάν Cλάριαc Μαc Οομναιλλ,  
 ιρ ο'Εοζαν Ρυαδ. Αcτ ηί ρειcιμίο οίοζμιαρ ι οταοβ  
 να ρίμιννε, νά ρεαρς cυμ ναμιαο α cίηε αρ αν  
 ηῤηέαζαc. βίονη ρέ cυμ, ροcαιρ, ρέιμ ι ζομιννιρθε ι  
 μεαρς ρτάρμ ιρ ύιρ-ρςείλ, *et quidquid Græcia mendax  
 audet in historiis*, αcτ ηί λέιςρεαδ αν ῤαεθεαλαc μυαινε  
 το cεαρτ νά το cάιλ α cίηε λε η-α νεαρς-ναμιαο.

Οβαιρ λέιςεαντα, οοιμιν ιρ εαδ "Τηί βιορ-ῤαοιτε αν  
 βάιρ," λάν το ρμυαιντιβ οιαοα ιρ το μαcτηαιμ ραιομ-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ar an beatair̄o daonna, ir ar a c̄rioc̄. Ir ion-  
gantač ar t̄os r̄e ar sean-uğ̄oariaib̄ ir ar oibneac̄aib̄  
na naom̄, așur ir blaṛta t̄a an obair̄i ar fao moim̄te i  
leab̄riaib̄ așur i n-altaib̄. Ac̄t ir t̄iom, lair̄imeamail  
an c̄aint aṛa an̄n ō t̄uir̄ go veimeac̄o, biōo go b̄fuil r̄i  
laṛta ruar̄ an̄no ir an̄n̄r̄ūo le r̄geal beaș ġneann̄mar  
mar̄ an eac̄ṛia r̄ain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obair̄i an-leiğ̄eanta i noiāoac̄t ir i nōrannaib̄ na  
heaglaire ir eac̄o “Eoc̄air̄ Sġiac̄ an Air̄inn̄n.” N̄i leīn  
ōinn̄n aon uğ̄oari eilec̄ uir̄ear̄ an oir̄eac̄o r̄ain ōo t̄uair̄iğ̄s  
ar neit̄ib̄ baimear̄ leīr̄ an Air̄neann̄, c̄om̄ beac̄t, c̄om̄  
c̄im̄te r̄in i leab̄ari ōā m̄eio. Ac̄t ’n-a t̄eann̄ta r̄ain,  
t̄a an c̄aint c̄om̄ r̄impl̄īōe, c̄om̄ ġneann̄ta, c̄om̄ bin̄n,  
c̄om̄ b̄rioḡm̄ari r̄ain, ġan baoc̄-foclaīb̄ nā m̄ār̄ōtib̄ caṛta  
șur̄ r̄ur̄iair̄te ōaoinneac̄ ē leiğ̄eac̄o șur̄ i noiu.

Ō air̄ir̄i c̄eirit̄inn̄ anuar̄ n̄ioi r̄ġrioc̄bāo a lan̄ ōo ġrioḡ  
bunāoarač. Ōo cuir̄eac̄o āōbar̄i eac̄ṛiāōe le c̄eile  
așur r̄geal̄ta ar ġn̄iōm̄ariṝaib̄ aṛac̄, așur n̄i mōi ’n-a  
ōteann̄ta r̄ain. Ōo luiğ̄eac̄oari na huğ̄oari ġaēōealač̄a  
ar̄ r̄anna ōo m̄īr̄ġail̄t, ir ba m̄il̄ir̄, aoībin̄n a ġcuro ōan  
ir̄ air̄īan̄.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.





ΑΝ Τ-ΟCΤΜΑΘ Η-ΑΛΤ.

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ΑΝ ΝΑΟΜΑΘ ΗΑΟΙS ΟΕΑΣ ΑΣΥS 'Η-Α ΟΙΑΙΘ.

Νί μόρι το γρηόβαθ το πμόρ ζαεθεαλαό ι ζκαίτεαμ  
 να ναομάθ ηαοιρε οέας. Βί αν ομεαμ ας α μαιβ νεαρι  
 έ το γρηόβαθ παοτήαό ας αιτ-γρηόβαθ λεαβαμ λάμ-  
 γρηόβτα ι η-α μαιβ πμόρ ιγ λαοιότε μεαργτα τηέ η-α  
 έίε. Νί μαιβ άετ φίοι-θεαζάν ας α μαιβ νεαρι αν  
 ζαεθεαλζ το λέιζεαό, αςυρ νί μαιβ πύινη ζαεόιλζε οά  
 έλοόβυαλαό, ι οτιρεο ná μαιβ φοηη αμ αοιηηε α έυιο  
 αιμρηε το έαίτεαμ ζο νεαμ-τομαμαιλ ας γρηόβαθ  
 πμόρ βυαόαφαίζ. Οο κυρεαό θεαζάν ββαμάνταρ λε  
 έίε ιγ μοσαιοθε θεαζα οά φαζαρ, αςυρ νί'λ α έυιλλεαό  
 λε ταιρθεάναό αζαμνη το πμόρ βυαόαφαό ι ζκαίτεαμ  
 αν έέαο έαοζαο οο'η ναομάθ ηαοιρ οέας. Έυζαοαμ  
 να οαοιηε αμ φαο, ιοιμ λέιζεαηητα ιγ νεαμ-λέιζεαηητα,  
 αν ζαεθεαλζ ρυαρ έυμ βάιρ. Αν θεαζάν ας α μαιβ  
 εολαρ εηηητε υηιέι, ιγ ο'φέαοφαό ί το γρηόβαθ ζο βλαρτα,  
 νίοι έυιρεαοαμ λίνε οί ι ηοιαό α έίε. Νίοι έυιμνηζ  
 αοιηηε αα αμ ρεαηέαρ νό εαέτηα νό ρζéal ζηεαηη-  
 ηαμ το γρηόβαθ, ζαη οβαμ ρεαλλραμνηαάτα το βαο.  
 Νί μαιβ νεαρι ας να οαοιηιβ α λειτέιοιθε το λέιζεαό,  
 αςυρ οά βήιζ ρηη νίοι β'ρμ ο'αοιηηε ταβαηιτ ρύτα.

'San αμ ζαέαοηα, αμιαό, βί λάν-τυλε το πμόρ βηεάζ  
 νεαμ-έοιηέιαηη αμ ρυαβαλ ι μεαργ να ηοαοιηεαό. Νί  
 ζαη λοέτ το βί αν πμόρ ραη, ζο οειμνη, άετ 'η-α οιαό  
 ρηη, το βαιηη α λάν το έάιλιβ αν πμόρ ιγ ρεάμμ λε φαζβάιλ

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few "Warrants" were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone's while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

ἴσαν ὀομίαν λειρ. ἴρ ἰομόα τεαὶ ἀρ ἴφαο να ζομίοῦ  
 ἰ n-a μβίοῦ τάντε οἰόε φαα ζειμήμιῦ ἀζ εἴρτεαὶ ζο  
 ἠιονυμίαιλ le ἴζέαλταῖβ φιοννυῖοεαὶτα ἴρ le ἠεαὶ-  
 μαιῖοῖβ ὀά ἴαζαῖ — ἴζέαλτα ζηάῖοα ἴρ ζαιρζιῖ, εἶαὶτα ὀο  
 ἴννεαῖοαῖ ἀαἴζ ἀρ μυἴρ ἴρ ἀρ τῖρ, ἴζέαλτα κοἰμειρκοἰρ  
 ἴρ ἰομἴαρζάλα, ἴζέαλτα ὀμαοἰῖοεαὶτα ἴρ ζεαῖρann.

Για ἀα, ὀο ἴζηῖοῖοαὶ ἀρ ὀαῖρ να ἴζέαλτα ἴο, νό  
 ἴαῖ ὀ'αἴτἴρ, ἰ ὀτἴεο ζυἴ ἵαηζαῖοαῖ ἀρ ἴαῖ ὀ βέαλ ζο βέαλ,  
 ἴρ ὀεαῖβ ζο μαιβ ἀ λάν ὀἰοῖ ἰ μεῖοῖαν να ἠαοἴρ ζαβ  
 ἵαἴαἴνν κοἰμ ἴλεαἴμἴν, κοἰμ μἴλἴρ, κοἰμ ἴοἴλέἴρ, κοἰμ  
 βἴνν, κοἰμ κεοἴμἴν, κοἰμ ταῖακαὶ λειρ ἀν βἴρῖοῖ ἴρ ἴεάἴρ  
 ἴσαν ὀτεαηζαἴν φἴανκαἴζ, ἀζυἴ ἴρ ὀεαἴλἴμαἴαὶ ζυἴ  
 βαἴνεαὶ ἀ λάν ὀά ηζαἴβαῖ ὀἰοῖ ἰ μἴτ να μβἴαῖοῖαν le  
 νεαἴτ ἴῖοἴ-αἴτἴρ. ὀο ἴῖοῖαἴζ ἀν τ-αἴτἴρκοἰρ ζυἴ ῥοἴρ  
 ὀό ἀ ἴζέαλ ὀο ὀέανἴμ ἴοἴλέἴρ, ἴο-ῖαἴζτε, ζυἴ ῥοἴρ ὀό  
 ἀηἴο ἴρ ἀηἴῖῖο ἀ ἀνάλ ὀο ἵαἴμἴν, ἴρ ἴοἴρ βεαζ ὀο  
 ἵαβἴαἴτ ὀο'η λυῖτ εἴρτεαὶτα, ὀο ἴῖοῖαἴζ ἴε ζυἴ ἵαἴἴε  
 ὀό εἶαὶτ ἀν ἴζείλ ὀο ἵαβἴαἴτ υαἰῖο le ὀέἴνε ἴρ le ἴν-  
 νεαἴμ, ἀζυἴ ἀ μαιβ τἴμαἴζἴμείλεαὶ, ὀοῖμα ἀν ὀ'αἴτἴρ  
 le ὀόλἴρ ἴρ le κοἴμἴαἴῖοῖβ καῖαἴζτε, ἴρ ἴῖοἴρ β'ἰοηζαὶ  
 ζο βἴαζαὶ ζαὶ αἴτἴρκοἰρ ἀν ἴζέαλ ὀ'η τέ ἵαἴαἴζ ἴοἴμἴε,  
 ἀῖαἴμἴαἴζτε βεαζάν εἴζἴν ἀηἴο ἴρ ἀηἴῖῖο, ἀῖτ ζο  
 μβεαὶ ἴε ἴῖοἴ ἴνἴτε, ἴῖοἴ βἴννε, ἴῖοἴ βἴῖοζἴμἴαἴρ.

ἴῖοἴρ β'ἀνἴμἴν ἴῖοἴρ ζυἴ β'οἴάἴκοἰρ νεαἴμ-κοἴτῖαἴν  
 ἀν τ-αἴτἴρκοἰρ ἴεἴν, ἴρ ζο μαιβ ἴε λάν-οἴλτε ἴηρ να  
 κεαἴἴβ le n-a ζκοἴρτεαἴ ὀεοἴα le ἴῖἴἴβ ὀαοηνα, ἴρ  
 μῖρκαἴλτεαἴ ὀηναὶ ἴρ ἀλαὶ ἰ λἴρ κἴοἴῖοῖτε, ἀζυἴ ἴρ ἴῖοἴ  
 ὀο ῥοἴρ ἴε ἀν λυῖτ εἴρτεαὶτα ἀζ κἴτ le ἀηἴαὶ, νό ἀζ

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

ζολ le buairóiric le n-a féacaint, ir le fuaim a ζότα. Αζυρ φόρ, το τοζαό cum αιτήριρ ρζέαλτα ρimpliόε, ná μαιβ μύ-άαρτα ná το-έυιζτε, ρζέαλτα ζαν μόριάν μιον-έάατα αζ ουλ τριότα. Σζέαλτα το β'εαό ιαο το'η τραζαρ ρο: το τοζαό ζαιρζιόεαό έιζιν, ir το cuipeaó τριέ έάαταιβ ionζántaάa έ; ir mimic το βίοό ρέ ι οτεανταιβ έαζα; ir mimic ι noλύτ-óomεαρζαρ le haάaά ύι-ζιána, nó ρά όμαοιόεαάτ, nó ρά ζεαρτα loά το άαορζαό, nó bean έιζιν το bí αρ ρán το ρολάααρ. Ir mimic το άαζαό όζ-bean υρual το βίοό ι ηζιáo λειρ, cum cabρuiζτε λειρ. Ό'έ τριόό na νειτεαό ρεο ζο λείρι ζυρ cuipeaó αρ ριυbal ι meαρζ na ηθαοιμεαό bolζ μόρι ριόίρ náρι buairóεαό μαμ αιρ αρ ροιλέιμεαάτ ir αρ binneαρ. Αομυιζτέεαρ ανοιρ ζο coitάiann ná ρuil leitέio ριλιό-εαάτα na haiρηιe ρεο αρ binneαρ le ραζβáiλ, áάτ ir mimic a όεαρμαοταρ ζο όρuil an ριόίρ 'n-a ρλιζιό ρέιν óom binn, óom blaρτα λειρ an όριλιόεαάτ. Ní'λ αιμιαρ ná ζο όρuil ζολορμιθ αρ na ηυζόαριαιβ ir ροιλέιe le ραζβáiλ ι mόεαρila, αζυρ ná ρuil ρέ ζαν míρeαάτ ir blaρ. Τά a lán τοορ na ρζέαλταιβ τά οταζμαιμ óom ροιλέιe le ριόίρ ζολορμιθ, αζυρ a ζcaint ι όρeαó níορ binne ir níορ ceolmaιe ná a áaint ρin.

Το cuipeaó beazán beaz τοορ na ρζέαλταιβ αρ a οτριάάταιμ ι ζcloó le ράορμαιζ ua λaoζaιe αζυρ beazán eile le Dubζlar οe hίoe, αζυρ ρέαορaró an léιζτέοιρ a meαρ ρέιν το άabaιρic αρ a ροιλέιμεαάτ ir αρ a míρeαάτ.

Ir ρίοιρ ζο οειμιν ná ρuil 'ran υι-μόρι áάτ ρζέαλτα αζ μιά ι meαρζ na ηθαοιμεαό οταάaά, αζυρ ζο όρuil a lán οίοό αρóόέιρeαό ζο leοι. Áάτ αρ uaiρib tá mianaά o'ιηρcne όμίοζμαιρ ir o'φοιλλρiυζαό lonημαά αζ ζabáiλ τριότα. Áάτ cibé méaο a loάτ μαρ ρζέαλταιβ, ir



cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

riu ias aithe máit do tabairt dóib ar son a foiléirneáda  
 ir a mbinnir.

Níl aon loct ar ímpór ir meara ná caint mó-móir  
 agus na rnuainte ruarac, neim-bhíogmair. Níl an loct  
 rain le faǵbáil ar na rǵéaltaib reo. Tá an caint  
 ir na rnuainte oirneamnac. Anoir ir ariú, zan amhar,  
 tá rǵaoct do bhuaṡmaib i n-oiar a céile, do méir oioct-  
 nóir rean-ugṡar áirite zan puinn bhíog ná taṡaic ionnta.  
 Aṡt ní'l inr na pairtióib reo, aṡt fé mar beaṡ cnuin-  
 nuǵaṡ do cainnairgeaṡcail tuirteamla do taṡann anro  
 ir anhrúo ioim rruṡ luaimneac bíonn aǵ méo-ṡileac ó  
 bhuaṡ rléibe. Ní móir a bhuil do ímpór foiléir, binn,  
 mair-bhuarac ran mbeairla. Tá an cuio ir mó de  
 trom, neim-céolmair, do-cuirte. Ní mar rin do'n ímpór  
 ṡriannac. Tá a lán de binn, mair, ir com foiléir leir  
 an nǵrén, agus na rnuainte curta i ṡceann a céile an  
 go hóiruirte rlaṡtmair. Níl uairn féin i oioac na  
 haoir reo cum nuac-ímpór o'abairiuǵaṡ aṡt rnuainte  
 áirta, neim-coitciana do ṡnairmeaṡ leir an foiléir-  
 eacṡ ir leir an binnear aṡa le rinreairib mar oúctar  
 aǵainn, agus aṡa le faǵbáil go rluirreac inr na rǵéal-  
 taib do cleaṡtaoair ar n-airneaca ór na ciantaib.

I mṡ an céao caoǵair do'n naomac haoir deaǵ do  
 minneac airtriuǵaṡ go ṡaeóilǵ ar beaǵán do leab-  
 maib diaṡa ó'n mbeairla ir ó'n lairion. Níl amhar ṡuir  
 b'é an ceann ir feáir oíob ro an airtriuǵaṡ ar  
 "Imitatio Churci," do minne an taṡair Doimall  
 ua Súilleabáin, timceall na bliarona 1822. Ir oirǵ  
 linn féin go bhuil an obair reo ar na hairtriuǵtib ir  
 feáir do minneac ar leabair A Ceimpir maím, agus  
 ir iomra teanǵa i n-a bhuil fé le faǵbáil. Ba deacair  
 an obair í, óir bí a lán do bhuaṡmaib ir do máirtib ran

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Lairtinn ná maib i mbéal na nuaimeas le fada, is nárí b'fuirirte o'fagbáil ar leabhair.

Ní ceart uíinn dearmad do déanam ar Seažán Mac Éil, Áir-oearbog Tuama. Do rinne an fear oiri-dearc fain airtreugaó blarta ar an "Pentateuchon," .i., na cúig leabhair atá i b'fion-torac an tSean-Tairbeánaró. Is móir an triuaig nárléig ré o'ua móiró ar do hómer, is airtreugaó do déanam ar an Sgríbhinn Oiaó ar fad.

Ní dóig linn sup rgríobad aon p'iór is fíu o'áiream ó obair Domnaill Uí Súilleabáin sup cuirteó ar bun "Iurleabair na Gaedilge," ór cionn fice bliadán ó fion.

Do rinne "Cumann buan-coiméas na Gaedilge" a lán cum an Gaedilge do múnaó iny na rgoileannair, agus cum i do cur ar aghair le neart céad-leabhair simplíde. Aót ní maib móirán le fagbáil ar a maib fonn Gaedilge do rgríobad. Ba deacair Seažán pléimion féin do meallad cum leatanaó p'iór do cur le céile—cíos sup blarta, b'fioimair i a caint.

Do cait Connrad na Gaedilge torac a raogail as cairmirte is as fuirre le namadair na teangan úo, is ní maib uain aca ar fuirde ríor is maetnam ar obair litregeada. Do bí aon peann amáin, amac, ar fead na hairmirre feo ná maib uíomaoir. Tá caint an ádair peadar ua laogairre com rleamain, com milir, com b'fioimair is tá rí le fagbáil i n-aon triac óar feandair. Tá p'iór foiléir, milir, gheannta iny na mon-leabhair atá curta amac ó n-a láim, agus ní for do f'óir, ór deair go b'fuir mian a béil 'ra lán do'n Gaedilge atá le feicirint gac aon treacmair iny na páirdeair. Fear aigeantac rgléiread, neim-rpleadac is ead an ádair peadar. Tá aon loct amáin agairn le fagbáil ar a cur oibre. Sgríobann ré iomairca le haghair an



language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes



αοιρ φοζlumτα, ιρ baineann an nio rin an ιτριυρ ιρ an ταταc αρ a cuio ppiou. Τα ρuil againn ρul a ρζαρρam λειρ ζο οταβιαο ρε obair ειζim ουinn na beio lan το μαioτιb capta, αρ ρon na ρζολαιμιοε, acτ obair cuιρρεar acar ιρ moipoiil αρ ρioι-ζαεοιλζεοιμιοib.

Le teact na nuao-aoιρε, αιμαc, ταio na ρζamaill ag ρζαιρεao. Τα lucτ λειζτε na ζαεοιλζε ag ουl ι mβιειρ agυρ ιρ οεacair ιao το ράραμ; ni teioeann ζac aon μαimειρ ρioρ leo μαρ ba ζnatac tamall o ρoin. Ταio οibρεaca na ρean-uζοair ζο bλιαoαιντεaimail οά ζcup αιμαc, ιρ cuιρρiο an nio rin ρpionnao αρ an aορ oζ cum a ζcimeann το leanaimain. Τα an οiama ζαεοealac 'nari meapζ agυρ ζλαoοac αιρ. Τα ζλαoοac λειρ αρ ρpior ζαεοealac 'pna papiemairib laeteaimla ιρ ρeactimaineaimla, agυρ ni ρulair οο'n αιρε τυζταρ ανοιρ το ζαεοιλζ ιμρ na ρζοileannair a cuιρ ο'pιαcair αιρ uζοairair leabair beacra, bpiogimara, milip-bpιαctμαca το ctabairc uaca. Acra oζ-uζοair, λειρ, op na cpiocair ι n-a bful an ζαeοealz ρop 'n-a tuile, οά οταipbeanao pειn o bλιαoain ζο bλιαoain. Ni oeanair οeapimao αρ oμαioeact, λειρ, μαρ ιρ ρpior oμαioeact ζup moι ιρ ρiu e, agυρ o ciuimigeao an ζuc ζαeοealac αρ an alltoιμ ιρ bpiocair μαρ το μinneao paillice oi. Le pava μiam, papiou! τα an oμαioeact eipemannac αρ pao nac moι ι mbeaimla, acτ le cupla bλιαoan τα acapμuzao ag teact αρ an paozal. Ιρ pειoιρ ανοιρ oμαio blapta ζαeοealac το cloipinc anpao ιρ anpao, agυρ το μiei ζac οeallpaim, ni pava beioeam ag piteaim le μeim oμαioeacta ι nζαeοιλζ, ioιρ oiaoa ιρ paozalta, αρ a mbeio meap ag an oimain uile, ιρ nari μipce a cuιρ ι ζcomopitar le hoμαioeact na bfpianncac ιρ na nζpieiζeac.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.



## FOCLOIR.

(Contractions :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genitive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

acpuinnead, vigorous.

adnadh, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; teine adanta, a kindling fire.

adbar, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Muuster in this sense);

adbar beag, a small number.

ag, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written ad).

adbeiread, strange, extraordinary.

aimleas, *m.*, misfortune (aim negative); sul ar a aimleas, to go on the path of misfortune.

aingeal fóir-coinéasota, *m.*, a guardian angel.

air, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

air, in phrase, le hair, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, for to Dublin, read beside Dublin.

airtrigim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

aitim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

aitian, act of persuading or convincing (used with ar).

aitias, *m.*, delight.

aimad, however, nevertheless.

amar, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; anál ro éarraing, to pause.

anró, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoigead, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

don-am, *m.*, one and the same time; 'don am (pronounced dé n-am), of set purpose; 'don gnó is used in a similar sense.

doim-fear, one-man; coinrac doimfir, a duel, a single combat.

doncuigim, I harmonize.

doncuigadh, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

ad, *m.*, a ford; ad ad éigin le raghbáil ar doife, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

adarruigadh, *m.*, change, transformation.

adair, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báid, *f.*, friendship; ní deadaró báid a gcom-óalacair i bfuair, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bainnir, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baot-glóir, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

bargam, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase roir fear agus bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

- bean δαοιτε, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.  
 beiμμ (with αρ) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.  
 beo-μλληαδ, *m.*, a living ruin.  
 βρατ αιμ, I judge, consider, expect.  
 βρυξ, *f.*, strength, essence ; τά βρυξ ρη, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.  
 βρυξαδ-εροιθε, *m.*, heart-felt regret.  
 βυαδαδ, victorious.  
 βυαδ-φοαλ, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective.  
 βυαλιμ, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country), with um, I strike upon, meet.  
 βυαν-κομηρα, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.  
 κατορεαμ, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.  
 κάιλ, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.  
 καιντ, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.  
 καρτα, entangled, twisted (of style).  
 ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann υπραδ, a general of an army.  
 ceapaμ, I conceive, plan.  
 ceap μαζαδ, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; μαζαδ, ridicule).  
 ceapταδτ, *f.*, correctness (ceapτ, right) ; ceapταδτ ράυτε, propriety of words or expression.  
 cialluμ, I signify.  
 cleaδτ αιμ, I practise (make a practice or habit of), and therefore, I habituate myself to.  
 cloδ-bun, *m.*, a foundation.  
 cluδim, I hunt.  
 cneapταδτ, *f.*, gentleness.  
 coδal (coδall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; and *figuratively*, enthusiasm for a thing ; cuiρ coδal opτ pέin ευγε ρη, be in earnest about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.  
 coiμητιξτεαδ, wild, strange, foreign.  
 coinne, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.  
 coiη-θαλτα, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.  
 coiη-θαλταδαρ, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.  
 coiηζαραδτ, *f.*, vicinity (coiη and ζαρ), ι ζcoiηζαραδτ το, in the neighbourhood of.  
 comopταρ, *m.*, comparison.  
 complaδτ, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.  
 comεpomaδτ, *f.*, equal weight, justice.  
 cop-εαοτpom, light-footed.





- ὀροῦ-ἐλαοντα, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).  
 ὀροῦ-ἠαίτεα, *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.  
 ὀραοῦθεαῖ, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.  
 ὀρυσμ, the back; *in phrase* ὅα ὀρυσμ ριν, for that reason, on that account.  
 οὐβῆρόναδ, sad, sorrowful.  
 οὐιλ, *f.*, longing, desire; οὐιλ ερωθε, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.  
 ουλ, *m.*, means, opportunity; ζαν ουλ αζ παίρτε βρεῖτ αιρ, no child being permitted to handle it.  
 ἐδαῖ, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.  
 εαζναῖ, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.  
 εἰζιμ, I call out, shout, cry.  
 εἰτεαῖ, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.  
 φάρ, *m.*, a growth; φάρ να ἡον οἰόε, a mushroom.  
 φειρτεα, *m.*, a banquet.  
 φιοῦἠαιρεαῖ, *f.*, rage, cruelty.  
 φιορῆαοιμ, hearty; an epithet of φαίτε, welcome.  
 φιυ, even; *in such phrases as*, φιυ α φῆδαῖντ, even his look.  
 φόουζτε, founded, established (on, αι).  
 φόζραῖ, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.  
 φοιλλρῆζιμ, I display, describe, illustrate.  
 φοιρῆε, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced φοιρῆε).  
 φονν, *m.*, desire, liking; νί ραῖβ ρέ ὀ'φονν ορῆα, they had no inclination.  
 ρυαῖ, *in phrase*, αι ρυαῖ, also, αι ρυο, throughout.  
 ρυαῖαιμ, I hate, detest.  
 ρυιλῆεα, bloody.  
 ρυιννεαἠαῖ, vigorous.  
 ρυιντε, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).  
 ρυιρρε, contention with (λε), friction, pressure.  
 ρυλάρ, *in phrase* νί ρυλάρ οῦνν, we must.  
 ζαβῆ, *m.*, want, need; νίον ζαβῆ ὀοῖβ, they had no need.  
 ζαιρμῖμ, I call; with αιρ, I name.  
 ζαλάν, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants; a "galán."  
 ζεαλ-αῖαρεαῖ, white-horned.  
 ζεαλλ, *m.*, a promise, pledge; *in phrase*, ιρ ζεαλλ λε ὀραοῦθεαῖ, it is the same as, or, like magic.  
 ζεαρ, *f.*, obligation; ζεαρα were conditions and obligations which must be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant consequences in case of failure; βί ρέ ὀο ζεαραῖβ αιρ, he was under obligations or *geasa*.  
 ζλεααῖθε, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.  
 ζορμ-βρῆαῖ, *m.*, a green margin.

- ἰατραπεύω, *m.*, an attempt ; ὅσοι ἐτύχουσιν ἰατραπεύω, they made an attempt.  
 ἰοημιᾶν, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.  
 ἰομάναιος, *m.*, a hurler.  
 ἰομῆσαιμ, I bear ; *with reflex. pronouns* μέ πέμ. &c., I comport myself, I behave.  
 ἰομπαρζάιλ, *f.*, wrestling.  
 ἰομημιᾶιλ, eager, attentive.  
 ἰαρομειμῆμιᾶιλ, Latin-like.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *m.*, heroism.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, a band of heroes, *a collective noun* ; ἰαοῦσιν, *a single hero*.  
 ἰαρομῆμιᾶιλ, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.  
 ἰαομῆμιᾶιλ, flagged over (ἰαομῆμιᾶιλ, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embedded.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *f.*, side, part, direction ; πέμ ἰαοῦσιν, aside, apart ; ἀτά πέμ ἰαοῦσιν πέμ πέμ ἰαοῦσιν, it stands alone.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-ταοῦσιν, *f.*, a side, direction ; ἰ ἰαοῦσιν-ταοῦσιν, aside.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-ζορο, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-μῆμιᾶιλ, *f.*, brilliant beauty.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-μῆμιᾶιλ, *m.*, complete destruction.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, polished, adorned.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, I swing, rock ; ὅσοι ἰαοῦσιν, being rocked.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *pl.* of ἰαοῦσιν, a youthful or boyish exploit.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, of slow and stately gait.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *f.*, offensiveness.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *m.*, a vein ; ἰαοῦσιν ὁ ἰαοῦσιν ἰαοῦσιν, a vein of vigorous eloquence.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, *m.*, unnaturalness.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, bold, audacious, stubborn.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *f.*, ill-will, malice.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *m.*, manner, fashion ; ἰαοῦσιν ἰαοῦσιν, style of description.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories, &c.*)  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, *f.*, great-heartedness.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ, *m.*, friendship.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally act of awakening*).  
 ἰαοῦσιν, almost.  
 ἰαοῦσιν, according to nature, natural.  
 ἰαοῦσιν-δέμιᾶιλ unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

- neamh-ppleadaic, independent, uncompromising.  
 neamh-toraimail, unprofitable.  
 nuaid-eagar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.  
 Oilim, I train up, education; so hoilead le Sgataic, who were trained up under Scathach.  
 oirdeannaic, suitable, fitting, adopted to.  
 oraoideact, *f.*, oratory.  
 oraoioir, *m.*, an orator.  
 paganaic, non-christian, pagan.  
 pleroc, *m.*, act of struggling against.  
 ppor, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. Caint rgyrta is used in the same sense: it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.  
 punn, *m.*, much, used with negative; ní punn, not much, little or nothing (It is an error to take punn as equivalent to *point, jot.*)  
 ráiméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.  
 réir-bán, *m.*, a level plain.  
 raióbreaic, *f.*, richness. neart ir raióbreaic iomáigeada, abundance and wealth of imagery,  
 ranarán, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.  
 raor, free, liberated; raor ar Chonclubhar, free from Conclubhar.  
 ráir-éneartaic, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.  
 ráruigad, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. ní a ráruigad le raibáil, they are unsurpassed.  
 rean-cuirne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.  
 rean-foctraic, *m.*, an old ruin.  
 rean-uodar, *m.*, an ancient author.  
 rgealuir, *m.*, a story-teller.  
 rgyrta, loose, unbound. Caint rgyrta, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.  
 rlaicwigte, adorned, finished off.  
 rnaic, *m.*, thread; rnaic a faogail, the thread of his life.  
 roir, *m.*, rest, cessation; ní roir oib roir, they are not yet extinct.  
 rpar, *m.*, a period, limit of time.  
 rpeirdeannaic, *f.*, loveliness.  
 rpeir, *f.*, heed, care; ná cuirneann ré rpeir innte, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.  
 rtrioaim, I surrender, submit.  
 taim, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder; *fig.*, a story of spoil or plunder.  
 tair, *f.*, rest, quiet; níor tair o'air, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

ταρταλ, *m.*, journey, visiting, round, circuit; τὰ ἀσταρταλ ἀρ να  
 ναοιμβ, they circulate among, or are within the reach of the people.

ταρναρταλ, *f.*, prophecy; λε νεαρτ ταρναρταλ, by the force of  
 prophecy.

ταρνατ, *m.*, a prop; 'n-α ταρνατ ραμ, propping up that, in addition  
 to that, besides.

ταρ-αίρνατ, *m.*, mental enthusiasm, warmth of soul; *properly* ταρ αίρνατ.

τορνατ, *m.* heed, care, fruit, produce, result.

τραίρνατ, *f.*, a tragedy.

τραρ, *m.*, a battle, a skirmish, the array or ranks of battle.

τρέταρνατ, accomplished, gifted.

τραίρνατ, *f.*, pathos.

υτ, *m.*, the breast; ι n-υτ αν βαοξαίλ, in the breast of danger, against  
 danger.

υρναίλ, *f.*, attention, ken; κυρπο ι n-υρναίλ ούμν, they remind us.

υρναίλ, *f.*, readiness.

ύρ-ορνατ, *m.*, an eclipse, a darkening over, an obscuring.

υρ-ορ, *m.*, the greater part, the majority; *also written* ρορ, and so  
 pronounced in spoken language of Munster; *also sometimes* ρορ.

υρ, *m.*, a chief; *see* ceann.

At page 72, line 15, for βéal áta an Shionnain, read βéal áta Seanais.

NOTE.—In the name of the tract, “Τόξαίλ βμυρνε  
 Όά Όερνα,” read Τοξαίλ; and in page 17, line 20, read  
 Destruction for Taking.



The first part of the paper is devoted to a general  
 consideration of the subject, and to a discussion of the  
 various methods which have been proposed for its  
 solution. It is shown that the problem is in general  
 insoluble, and that the only cases in which it can be  
 solved are those in which the function is of a special  
 form. The second part of the paper is devoted to a  
 detailed examination of the method of Lagrange, and  
 to a discussion of the various cases in which it can be  
 applied. It is shown that this method is in general  
 applicable, and that it can be used to solve a large  
 number of cases. The third part of the paper is devoted  
 to a discussion of the method of Cauchy, and to a  
 discussion of the various cases in which it can be  
 applied. It is shown that this method is in general  
 applicable, and that it can be used to solve a large  
 number of cases.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a  
 discussion of the method of Sturm, and to a  
 discussion of the various cases in which it can be  
 applied. It is shown that this method is in general  
 applicable, and that it can be used to solve a large  
 number of cases. The fifth part of the paper is devoted  
 to a discussion of the method of Fourier, and to a  
 discussion of the various cases in which it can be  
 applied. It is shown that this method is in general  
 applicable, and that it can be used to solve a large  
 number of cases.

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